THE
NATION

DECEMBER 17, 1960 . . 25c

THE CONGO
Memories Shape the Future

Robert Wuliger

THE PEACEMAKERS

Barbara Deming

THREE MYTHS of AUTOMATION

Charles C. Killingsworth

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LETTERS

Greetings from Confreres

Dear Sirs: It was wonderfully thoughtful of you to send me the issue of *The Nation* with the Chandler Davis article [issue of Dec. 3]. I read it at once and enjoyed it. It sounds just like his keen, observing mind.

I cannot help but think of the great difference between life at Danbury and life in a county jail. Maybe I can produce something, too, that will be interesting and instructive.

WILLARD UPHAUS

Boscowen, N.H.

Dear Sirs: Chandler Davis' article on prisons is not only good writing but also accurate insight. He might have mentioned another difficulty: to miss seeing your children growing up. My first child was only several months old when I was imprisoned as a conscientious objector in World War II. . . .

Even in the forced communality of prison life, there is an ineradicable feeling of isolation. If one believes that he is fulfilling a duty, the sentence can be borne with more equanimity.

CHARLES C. WALKER

Cheyney, Pa.

The Apalachin Decision

Dear Sirs: The dismissal of the conspiracy charges against the twenty defendants convicted in the Apalachin case is being widely hailed, especially in liberal journals, as a triumph of American justice and a reassertion of civil rights. What seems to have been overlooked is that the court, by the intemperance of its remarks, has achieved a great disservice to law enforcement.

I am, I think, as greatly concerned about civil rights as any man. But I am also greatly concerned by an evil that shadows all our life today — the power of an underworld that has corrupted police and politics. This is *not* to say that the rights of even a mobster should be violated. But neither, I think, should it be any court's prerogative to vilify honest agents of the law. This plainly is what happened in the bias the U.S. Court of Appeals exhibited in the Apalachin case.

This bias shows most clearly in the concurring opinion of Judge Charles E. Clark, who penned what can only be considered a gratuitous smear against Sergeant Edgar Croswell, of the New York State Police, the officer who broke up the Apalachin gathering. Judge Clark wrote that for thirteen years Croswell "pursued . . . in all ways possible (including tapping his telephone)" Joseph Barbara, Sr., the Apalachin host, without discovering any evidence of illegality. Nowhere in this decision is there the faintest recognition of the kind of man Barbara was (an associate of convicted criminals and himself held four times on murder charges during the Prohibition gang wars) or the very good reasons that existed for any detective half worthy of the name to keep a close watch on his activities.

With similar bias, Judge Clark, though he does not name him, attacks Milton R. Wessel, the federal prosecutor who tried the Apalachin case, writing that the prosecution "should never have been initiated or allowed to proceed so far." Again a law-enforcement official, whose whole record is one of integrity, is blackened as an over-zealous prosecutor. This is particularly unfortunate in the case of Mr. Wessel, who went to extraordinary lengths before and during the trial of the Apalachin defendants to squelch newspaper and television accounts that would have been prejudicial to the defense. He leaned over backwards (further than I have even seen a prosecutor lean) to make certain that the immediate atmosphere in which the trial was conducted was a fair one.

Had the court confined itself to the legal aspects of the case, I might disagree with its findings, but I would hardly have become incensed at its decision. But this court did not do that; it went beyond and attacked both Sgt. Croswell and the ethics of the prosecution. Next time, both detectives and prosecution are going to be more gunshy; the boon to the underworld is obvious.

FRED J. COOK

Interlaken, N.J.

Why Mr. Porter Lost

Dear Sirs: I was much interested in your Dec. 3 issue containing the piece written by my good friend, Charlie Porter, on "Why the 'Peace Congressmen' Lost," which mentions my paper several times.

I don't believe Congressman Porter really knows why he lost the election. The reasons he cites are true enough. But basically he lost because the general public envisions the job of Congressman as a local one. A Senator can charge off into international disputes, but a Congressman should restrict his worrying to the price of plywood, if he's from Oregon, or the price of corn and hogs, if he is from Iowa. I agree, this is bad. But I believe it is true.

Charlie did worry about the price of plywood. But over a period of four years in Congress, he gave the impression that he was flying hither-and-yon exclusively. The voter got the impression Charlie had forgotten about the Fourth District of Oregon. Charlie's opponent had the money to capitalize on this, and he had a campaign aide who told him how to do it, and he did it just right.

FOREST W. AMSDEN

Exec. Editor, Coos Bay (Ore.) *World*

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1960
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Fifteen Fingers on the Trigger

By virtue of his position, Lauris Norstad is inevitably a political general; it would be an egregious mistake to regard him as purely concerned with the military problems of NATO. Like any other diplomat, he must often shield his real purposes behind a plausible pretense. Watch him, and you are most likely to find out what is going on behind the scenes in NATO. So, when Norstad and Paul-Henri Spaak, another dealer in smoke screens, come out ardently for converting NATO into a nuclear-weapons pool, a fourth nuclear power, a nuclear "fire brigade," etc., it is well to be suspicious, and when Chancellor Adenauer is reported to be enthusiastic for the plan, the suspicions should be doubled and trebled.

Actually, the proposal for the United States to turn over atomic weapons to NATO has one main purpose: to make the nuclear armament of West Germany acceptable to those Westerners who still remember World War II, with its German concentration camps and massacres. Control of a weapon, nuclear or otherwise, by fifteen countries, however well disposed toward one another, is an absurdity on its face. Vice Admiral Alexander Heye, a member of the West German *Bundestag*, let this particular cat out of the bag (if it was ever in) when he pointed out that "fifteen fingers on the trigger" might cause dangerous delays in the event of an emergency. Instead, he proposed a three-man team to work in close cooperation with the NATO command. We may be sure that the West Germans would not be altogether isolated from such a body, even when (the members are to be chosen in rotation) they were not actually represented. At the same time, the West German parties, on the eve of an election year, are relieved of the onus of demanding nuclear weapons for the burgeoning German army.

It is to be hoped that none of these gimmicks has escaped the attention of President-elect Kennedy and the members of the next Congress. The proposal to equip the *Bundeswehr* with nuclear arms should receive the closest scrutiny of both Congress and Executive, and the American and European peoples should have the benefit of open debate before a question so perilous is decided.

De Gaulle, Kennedy and the U.N.

In July, 1957, Senator, now President-elect, John F. Kennedy propounded a rhetorical question on the floor of the Senate. "Did we not learn in Indochina," Kennedy asked, "that we might have served both the French and our own cause infinitely better had we taken a more firm stand much earlier than we did? The Algerian problem is no longer to save a myth of French empire — the problem is to save the French nation as well as to free Africa."

This was a piece of insight, and time has only sharpened its significance. And now, with the Algeria-is-French desperadoes girding for rebellion, it offers a way out for de Gaulle — one which he can utilize, though not publicly avow. De Gaulle is caught between the Army, which like any army in combat is blindly bent on extermination, and the French colonists in Algeria, who want to hold onto their property and privileges like any ruling class, and the FLN rebel government, which like the rest of Africa insists on independence. De Gaulle needs help, and he can get it if the U.N. will follow the Kennedy lead and condemn France for holding Algeria in subjection. If this form of pressure from the international body succeeds, it will not only save France but also the U.N., which in the Congo faces a situation daily growing more dubious. And if for once the United States lines up unequivocally on the side of the anti-colonial forces, the United States will also be helping itself.

To maintain command over the Army, de Gaulle is resorting to a referendum. Even if he gets overwhelming popular support, however, he may fail to control right-wing military elements and political extremists like Lagaillarde. The crucial factor is not only the size of the vote in favor of de Gaulle, but the willingness of

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French labor to declare a general strike, if necessary, and popular support for such a strike if it is declared. If de Gaulle can tell Frenchmen that, right or wrong, the world (and especially America) expects France to allow Algeria to choose its future in a free election supervised not by the French Army — a farcical idea on its face — but by the U.N., his chances are materially better in the crucial conflict that lies ahead.

The alternative, to which de Gaulle may be forced if the U.N. continues to temporize, is partition of Algeria, with the "European" part running along the coast and the Moslems taking what is left in the interior desert. Then the war will continue, with a situation like that involving Israel and the Arab countries in the Middle East transferred to North Africa. Communist China and the Soviet Union will aid the FLN via Tunisia, perhaps not only with arms, but with "volunteers." The resulting imbroglio could make the Congo look like a repository of sweetness and light.

The Contagion of Conviction

As the New Year approaches and a new Administration prepares to take over in Washington, it is worth noting that people, here and there, are beginning to walk if not to march. In San Francisco, ten sturdy hikers left Union Square recently en route to Moscow, part of a larger "Acts for Peace" team scheduled to make a cross-country and trans-Europe walk to Moscow by November, 1961. . . . In Middletown, Connecticut, a small group known as "Vigil for Disarmament," comprised of faculty members and students from Wesleyan University and townspeople, has just concluded a series of "walks for disarmament" in Middletown. . . . At Harvard, a new undergraduate group known as Tocsin staged a campus walk on December 6 in which an estimated thousand students participated.

A new quality is emerging in these recent "walks." Neither the Wesleyan nor the Harvard group, for example, is pacifist, although some individuals in each group may be. A passage from the statement issued by the Wesleyan group is significant:

> It is sad that our apathy since the annihilation of Hiroshima has not only continued but flourished, if one can legitimately conceive of apathy as flourishing. Democracy has given way to a kind of amorphous oligarchy at the "summit" (at irreparable cost to the lethargic multitudes at the "base"). The world's ruling minority does not dare take disarmament seriously, for fear of losing face. There is only one hope for eventual disarmament, one way in which those who want to end the chaotic armaments race can achieve results: by intensifying and increasing their expressions of protest in every possible form. Happily enough, the eccentric gestures of conviction are often contagious; they inevitably incite *some* enthusiasm and support. The prelude to disarmament must consist of the winning of sentiment.

A passage from the Tocsin statement is of equal interest:

> There are many people, at Harvard and elsewhere, who question the continued development toward nuclear war; yet whether they have confirmed political convictions or are simply uneasy and bewildered, most of these people fail to express their concern. Having neither a clear sense of what action is needed nor a set of ideas which seems adequate to challenge prevailing assumptions supporting organization for war, they feel politically and intellectually impotent. The problem is how to provide these people — really all of us in greater or lesser degree — with the kind of personal opportunity which will lead to a sense of competence, both to think and to act on the issues.

A new realism, a new understanding, a new breadth of vision is implicit in these statements. Both are premised on the assumption that the only way to reduce an issue of the staggering complexity of disarmament to manageable proportions for the individual is to encourage him to express his concern by some act which will elicit the interest and perhaps the support of others. Both groups stress the importance of a commitment to act which is appropriate to the individual — as do the groups in New London described in this issue by Miss Deming (see page 471).

Measured against the long-sustained silence of the cold-war years, the success of these most recent "walks" and similar acts is truly impressive. The San Francisco walk captured headlines from coast to coast. The Wesleyan walks were given fair and full coverage in the local press. And Tocsin's initial walk culminated in an overflow meeting in Quincy House and the dispatch of a delegation to convey to Rep. Clem Miller and James Goodby of the State Department the group's views on the suspension of nuclear tests — perhaps the first undergraduate delegation to visit Washington on such a mission since the cold war began.

Implicit in these demonstrations, too, is the notion not of unilateral disarmament — more appropriate to the situation in Great Britain than here — but of unilateral initiative, that is, recognition that in certain areas of the arms race a unilateral decision to halt further weapons development can contribute more to world stability than the continued development of weapons of ever greater "kill" power. At long last, we seem to be rediscovering the relevance to modern concerns of the old-fashioned proposition that conviction — even "eccentric" conviction — is contagious.

The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi

Once again Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona has turned up just where you might expect to find him — addressing the Greek-lettermen gathered in Los Angeles for the annual meeting of the National Interfraternity

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Conference. Before his speech, Senator Goldwater (an old Sigma Chi man, himself) told reporters that ". . . where fraternities are not allowed, communism flourishes." As an example, he pointed to Harvard as the Alma Mater of a faithless generation.

Senator Goldwater's silly-season statement is noteworthy only as one more revelation of the bankruptcy of the conservative American Right in its efforts to win the hearts and minds of the world's peoples. Like the admirers of Senator McCarthy, he prefers to think that the battle against communism can be fought cheaply on home grounds against other Americans.

Let's assume, however, that college fraternities should be what Senator Goldwater alleges they already are — "a bastion of American strength" against communism. Well, then, what guidance can they give to the troubled students of Japan who raged against the *status quo* and the American defense treaty? What sympathy can they show for the Korean students who met police bullets when they asked for a decent government, or the Turkish students who filled the streets of Istanbul on a similar mission? Can they offer any encouragement to the Haitian students who have spent weeks in the prisons of an unsteady dictator? Would they care to pledge the African students who have been expelled from Communist universities, but who still want an education? If American fraternity men really want to strengthen America's world position against communism, they had better ask someone besides Senator Goldwater for suggestions.

High on the Hog

The recent controversy in the Port of New York Authority hearings about who took whom to the *Folies Bergères* inspired lawyer-novelist Louis S. Auchincloss to deliver himself in *The New York Times* of some highly pertinent comments on business entertainment. It no longer gets business, Mr. Auchincloss pointed out, since everyone "is perfectly aware that his host is passing the bill onto Uncle Sam in the form of a business deduction. Why, therefore, should he feel . . . gratitude, let alone obligation?" The vice of the system is not in its attempted bribery, said Mr. Auchincloss, "but in the privilege of a few to dine and wine at the expense of the taxpayer." He proposed that Congress disallow the cost of entertainment as a business expense.

The idea, sound as it is, is not likely to be snapped up by Congressmen who are themselves sumptuously entertained by lobbyists and other unhidden persuaders. But, since only the business elite benefits by the entertainment racket, its abolition would be popular and might result in re-election for some members of the House and Senate who otherwise may find themselves on the lame-duck roster in 1962. The racket has reached such proportions that in some cases it is scarcely necessary for a business executive to earn a salary — he can live like a millionaire on his expense account. Some wit once suggested that people could live by taking in each other's washing; that, however, would involve work, while entertaining one another involves nothing more excruciating than gazing at chorus girls' legs and eating pheasant under glass with the appropriate wines and liquors.

We live only once and *The Nation* does not wish to spoil anyone's sport; on the other hand, taxes are high and apparently are going to be higher, and sooner or later the government must crack down on the more obvious forms of evasion. As it is, the business elite is a class apart, supporting the hotels, night clubs and theatres of the nation and charging it all to the corporation, which charges it to the government, which charges most of it to the clerks and factory workers who are relieved of 20 per cent of the pay check every week by the Internal Revenue Service. The corporation has become a great sow suckling her litter of corporate pigs. It is high time they were weaned.

THREE MYTHS of AUTOMATION .. *Charles C. Killingsworth*

THE TERM "automation" is only a little more than ten years old. During the time that it has been in use, it has seemed to be a word in search of a meaning. Some people have used it to cover almost all kinds of technological change. Others have applied it to one limited kind of technique, such as the mechanical transfer of parts from one operation to another. I believe that any useful definition of the term must be broad enough to identify the basic concepts involved, and limited enough to distinguish it from mechanization in general. My own definition is as follows: "*Automation is the mechanization of thought, sensory and control processes.*" This definition is intended to reflect the fact that scientists have recently developed a new theoretical framework concerning communication, control and even thought. The definition also reflects the fact that automation is merely one aspect of mechanization,

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though a profoundly significant one.

Some people have argued that there is really nothing new in automation. Somebody has said that the cave man's flint hatchet was the first example of automation. There is a grain of truth in such assertions. An element of automation, or automatic control, exists in all forms of mechanization, even a simple hand tool. But this should not be permitted to obscure the fact that there has been a substantial and rapid increase in the element of automatic control in much recent mechanization. We have developed a host of mechanical, electronic, hydraulic and other gadgets that have enormously expanded the capabilities of machines. The true significance of automation lies in the applicability of its principles and techniques to almost every field of human endeavor.

PERHAPS the best-known examples of automation are the giant "transfer machines" of the automobile manufacturers, which can perform scores of operations on a part such as an engine block without human assistance (except for occasional tool changes or repairs). Actually, these machines represent a rather elementary type of automation. Electronic computers are a more significant development. There is now an oil refinery in Texas which is completely controlled by a giant computer—and it does a much better job than the human operators whom it replaced. Two computer-controlled chemical plants are under construction. Computers are revolutionizing the bookkeeping end of banking; they are also making great strides in the fields of inventory control and production scheduling. More and more of the processing of policies and claims in the insurance business is being handled by computers. The Air Force has just announced that it has a computer which is the key component of a machine that translates Russian into English. It now translates forty words per minute, but within a year its capacity is expected to be 2,400 words per minute.

Most metal-working industries are likely to be affected by a new technique which teams up computers and mechanical or electronic control devices. This technique is called "numerical control." It works roughly this way: technicians take engineering drawings or even rough sketches and, using a special "computer language," feed information into the computer. The computer makes the necessary calculations and works out detailed instructions which are recorded on tape or punch cards. Then the tape or cards are simply plugged into a control unit on a machine tool, and the rest of the operation is completely automatic. The control unit can even inspect the work of the machine tool and make instantaneous corrections while the work is in process. The basic principle is remotely comparable to the old-fashioned player piano.

The significance of numerical control lies in its ability to reduce machine time and increase quality, especially on complex operations. The cost of one large aircraft part was reduced from $18,500 per unit by conventional methods to $1,950 by numerical control. The machining time on a part used in electrical manufacturing was reduced from 60 hours to 45 minutes, and the rejection rate dropped from 50 per cent with human operators to 2 per cent with numerical control. This past summer U.S. Steel opened a new rolling mill in Chicago which utilizes numerical-control techniques, and another large mill of this kind is now under construction in Detroit. One authority has estimated that numerical control will be found feasible on about 90 per cent of present-day metal-working operations.

WE ARE just beginning to explore the capabilities of computers. Experimental computers have been trained to compose original music, to play chess and checkers. The checkers experiment was especially significant, because the computer was also programed to learn from experience—the more games it played the better it got, until it was finally unbeatable. These examples could be multiplied. Computers have many advantages over mere humans, of course: They never tire, never forget and work thousands of times as fast as men; most important, what one computer has "learned" can be "taught" in many cases to another computer almost instantaneously and at virtually no cost. Thus, the initial programing of a computer for complex decision-making tasks may be very costly and time consuming but replication of that programing may be rapid and inexpensive. This contrasts with the time and cost (as well as travail) involved in transferring knowledge from one human being to another.

AT THE risk of considerable oversimplification, one might say that mechanization has involved three main strands, each related to the other. One of them has been the substitution of mechanical power for the muscle power of men or animals (examples: steam engines and electric motors). Another strand has been specialization — the breaking down of work processes into smaller and smaller fragments to improve the efficiency of men and machines (history may record that the automobile assembly line represented the peak of this development). The third strand is *automation,* the development of mechanical control and thought. The introduction of mechanical power sources greatly increased productivity, and in the long run it probably increased the value of human labor because men began to devote more of their time to the function of control (although sharing it to a slight degree with machines). Further mechanization through specialization, as on the assembly line, forced men to share more of their control functions with machines; on many jobs, the man became simply the attendant of the machine.

Automation means the substitution of mechanical brains for human brains. The enormous gains in output and accuracy yielded by most types of automation are achieved largely by freeing machines from the limitations previously imposed by the feeble, sluggish brains and perceptions of men. I do not imply that any computer today is the over-all equal of an average human brain. Many subtle aspects of judgment

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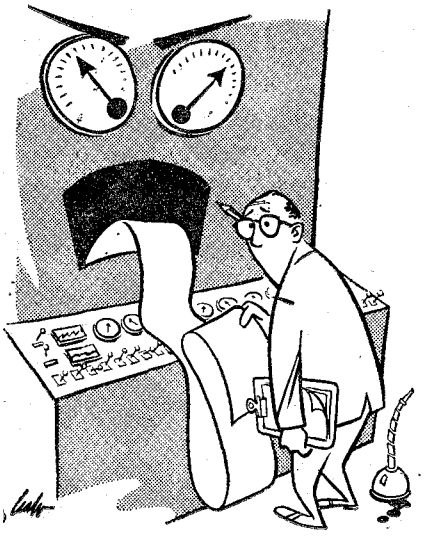
and creativity will always distinguish most men from machines. But on certain specialized mental tasks, machines can tremendously outperform men. A computer has been designed which can perform a hundred billion arithmetic computations per day.

DESPITE the millions of words that have been spoken and written about automation in the past ten years, there is little solid information available on its ultimate social and economic effects. However, we do know enough to question some widely-held assumptions. Indeed, some of the potential benefits of automation may be endangered if we fail to investigate with care the validity of some beliefs which a great many people regard as little less than gospel truth. In this regard, we are now sitting complacently behind a Maginot Line of nineteenth-century ideas.

The first notion which we should re-examine is that inventions and other mechanical improvements always create more jobs than they eliminate. Some people seem to believe that there is a great natural law which guarantees that any man who loses his job to a machine will always find another job elsewhere if he only tries. This belief has been encouraged, no doubt, by the findings in numerous studies of the installation of automated equipment. Almost all of these studies show no resultant loss of jobs. Many people also cite the example of the automobile industry in the first half of this century; it pioneered many labor-saving improvements, but simultaneously expanded its employment enormously. The theory of automatic reabsorption of displaced labor obviously has some degree of validity. But I doubt that even its original nineteenth-century proponents would argue that it holds true in all times, all places and all circumstances. They would certainly concede that it is a long-run, not a short-run theory. And they would concede that the theory assumes certain important conditions—for example, mobility of labor, downward price flexibility and full employment in the economy generally.

The fact is that a very substantial part of the cost savings from automation usually results from displacement of labor in one form or another. It is to the credit of American management and labor that they have cooperated, in most of the specific cases studied, to find other jobs in the same company for those replaced by machines. Normal employment turnover has quite frequently made it unnecessary to lay anyone off. *But, from the standpoint of society, the net result may well be simply to shift the burden of unemployment from the man who already had a job with the company to the man who doesn't get hired.* Or the burden may



fall on the man who gets laid off in the next recession and never gets called back.

It is true that in a strong growth industry (like the automobile industry in 1900-1950), rising demand for its products may more than offset the labor-saving effects of mechanization. But at present we seem to have a shortage of major growth industries. Blue-collar employment in manufacturing is actually falling, although output is rising—due in large measure to automation. It is significant that much more than a proportionate share of the hard-core unemployment in our "distressed areas" is composed of workers whose last job was in manufacturing. Another difficulty is that the mobility of an unemployed worker is severely limited. Most important "long run" adjustments may take a lifetime. People must live in the short run as well as in the economists' "long run."

The second notion that I question is that automation will come slowly. It is true that more than a hundred years was needed for the steam engine to be widely adopted in industry. It took more than fifty years for electric power to come into general use. Some present-day computer installations require years of planning. Furthermore, business and industry will not scrap many billions of dollars worth of existing equipment overnight. Even if there were an incentive to do so, replacements would be limited by the ability of the economy to produce the new equipment.

BUT LET'S look at the other side of the picture. The cost of automation equipment like computers is being constantly reduced, and the number produced is being expanded. The value of shipments of automatic data-processing equipment rose from nothing in 1950 to $400 million in 1960. There do not appear to be any insuperable shortages of manpower or materials which would stand in the way of a large expansion of output of automation equipment over the next few years if the demand for it rises. Such a demand may be spurred by powerful incentives. One aircraft manufacturer reports that a large new machine which operates on principles of numerical control, and which costs $500,000, pays for itself in about ninety days. The savings do not have to be as dramatic as that to induce businessmen to replace perfectly good capital equipment with the latest thing. Witness the plight of the airlines, which are spending billions of dollars to buy jet aircraft even though they have hundreds of older propeller-driven planes which are still completely airworthy.

The venturesome competitor who invests in the newest equipment may be able to achieve such great savings and to attract customers so powerfully that other firms in the industry will be compelled to invest in the same equipment simply in order to remain in business. Something like this appears to have happened in the automobile industry. Even the smallest company has

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spent millions of dollars on automation equipment. In an automobile plant, an engine line that is five years old is likely to be obsolete from the competitive standpoint. In some industries, the progress of automation may be extremely slow; but we cannot exclude the possibility that it will progress rapidly in others. For example, mechanized bookkeeping is spreading quite rapidly throughout the banking world.

The matter of speed is a crucial factor in measuring impact. The introduction of the steam engine had many disruptive side effects; imagine the impact if its use had become general in twenty years instead of in a hundred. Every labor-saving invention necessitates some redistribution of the labor force. The labor market, on which we rely for such redistribution, tends to work less and less effectively as larger and larger numbers of people are involved. Millions of excess workers have been moved out of agriculture in the past few decades, but the farm-labor supply is still greatly in excess of what is really needed to produce food and fiber for our nation. The point is that our present institutional framework is much better able to handle change which comes slowly than that which comes rapidly. It is of great importance, therefore, that we try to judge how rapidly automation is moving; too little effort of this kind is being made today.

THE THIRD (and final) notion that must be critically re-examined is that automation will require massive upgrading of the labor force. Case studies made thus far cast considerable doubt on this notion. Job requirements have increased in some instances, but usually so little that in-plant training programs of brief duration have met the need. The need for certain types of skilled maintenance workers has increased in some automated plants, though not all. It is true that completely unskilled jobs usually decline considerably when a plant or office is automated. But, generally speaking, the jobs that remain do not seem to have a markedly higher skill content. In fact, we have made so much progress in developing "reliable complexity," as Vannevar Bush terms it, that skill content is actually reduced in a surprisingly large number of cases. Most of us would agree, I think, that a 1960 automobile is a more complicated machine than one of thirty years ago; but (traffic hazards aside) the 1930 car probably required substantially more skill of the driver than today's car does.

ACTUALLY, we have a very limited basis as yet for judging the extent to which upgrading or downgrading of the labor force will result from automation. We are getting some ideas as to what is happening to particular jobs when operations are automated. We know next to nothing about what happens to the people who are displaced. The man who loses a semi-skilled factory job may end up in a low-skilled service job. Engineers have been scarce in recent years, but computers are rapidly developing the ability to perform some of their work. Numerical control may rapidly render obsolete the skills of many of today's highly-paid craftsmen. Many of the thousands of junior executives that our collegiate schools of business are grinding out these days may in a few years find their jobs being taken over by decision-making machines. Indeed, one of the students of automation is willing to assume that in ten years we will have the technical capability of building machines to perform any productive function that is performed by men today.

There is no doubt economic feasibility will retard the realization of this technical capability. But it would be a mistake to think that it is only the low-skilled jobs that can be mechanized. It may be more realistic to say that the jobs most likely to resist automation are those that are simply not worth automating. The implications of these possibilities for education, and for the frequently-heard recommendation that we embark upon a massive "retraining" program to solve unemployment, are so obvious that they need not be detailed.

In sum, then, automation is a special kind of mechanization which is rapidly growing in importance. Its principles are applicable to an enormous variety of gainful activities. Still, we do not yet have a firm basis for anticipating what its ultimate impact will be. We do not know how heavily our labor markets will be burdened with the task of redistributing displaced workers. We do not know what new skills may be needed tomorrow, or what skills will be completely obsolete. These are questions of the greatest importance to those responsible for employment and manpower planning.

THE SEARCH for answers is probably a task beyond the means of single individuals, or even university research institutes. Most large foundations are so tradition-bound that it is extremely difficult to interest them in problems so new and urgent. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has made some excellent case studies in the field, but it has neither the resources nor the freedom to tackle some of the crucial (and controversial) questions affecting public policy. A few companies and unions have made a start toward studying automation problems within their own jurisdictions, and more should be encouraged to do so; but they can hardly be expected to study the effects of automation on the economy and the labor force as a whole.

That larger task must be the responsibility of government. One of the high priority items on the agenda of the Kennedy Administration should be the establishment of a national automation commission. One assignment of this commission should be to stimulate private groups—companies, unions, research institutes, universities—to undertake their own detailed studies. More important, such a commission should utilize the resources of the federal government to make an analysis of the over-all impact of automation on our society.

Never before in human history has technological change been as rapid and pervasive as in our generation. We must begin to close the growing gap between our ability to develop new technologies and our understanding of their consequences.

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THE PEACEMAKERS . . *by Barbara Deming*

> I'm not too troubled about the future of this thing. The idea has been simmering for a couple of thousand years. I rather feel its time has come. . . . People have been used to trust the past as a guide, but the past has almost ceased to be a guide, the world is so utterly different suddenly. —Richard Gregg, *The Power of Nonviolence.*

IT WAS FROM a growing curiosity about this "thing" that, last August, I attended a sixteen-day training program in nonviolence, conducted by a group called the Peacemakers. The site of the training program was New London, Connecticut—where a related group, the Committee for Nonviolent Action, had been protesting, since June, the manufacture of Polaris-bearing submarines in nearby Groton. (On November 23, nine members of this committee were arrested for "trespassing" on the occasion of the launching of the *Ethan Allen,* the newest of these craft.) Both groups propose—as an alternative to the arms race and the cold war—unilateral disarmament (arranged in stages), and national defense, if it should be necessary, through nonviolent resistance. They argue that their means are not only powerful, but the only means consistent with our professed belief in the sanctity of human life. They also believe that if we disarmed, there is a very fair chance that the USSR would follow suit.

Peacemaker headquarters were not impressive—or, rather, my first impression was vivid but disheartening. An abandoned three-story tenement had been rented for the occasion—rooms above and two empty shops on the ground floor. The place had been furnished hastily with rented folding chairs, three long tables, a stove, icebox and enough army cots for some (the rest slept on the floor). Plaster dropped from the ceilings in little pellets upon one's head; and now and then drainage water ran down the walls. The first evening, as the group sat about in discussion, a sudden crackling report brought us all to our feet. I thought for a moment that a bomb had been thrown in among us; but it turned out that a beam in the cellar had just given way. Not long after, the building was condemned.

WHEN I ARRIVED, only about a dozen of the participants had gathered. Attendance varied, but usually there were anywhere from thirty to fifty people in the place. These first arrivals were assembled in the larger of the empty shops, their chairs pushed up against the room's four walls. They were young men, for the most part, and shabby as the old building itself. Dirty bluejeans and khakis, T-shirts and rumpled sports shirts were the rule. Flies buzzed about. An older man, gray-haired, mild and grave, dressed in a neat brown business suit, was giving the first lecture. This was Richard Gregg. He was presenting the essentials of nonviolence: respect for the other person, *whoever* he is; patience. "Patience is the recognition that change takes time." He was telling of the struggle of the untouchables in India to persuade the Brahmins to let them use a certain road. For one year and three months they had stood at the entrance to the road. On the 487th day, they had been allowed to enter. Mr. Gregg played with his watch-chain, and seemed not quite to look at his audience—his foot quietly tapping the air as he spoke. Did the group seem to him unpromising? I wondered. One young man passed a paperbound book to another, and I noted the title: *Jesus Was a Beatnik. Was* this, in fact, a Beat gathering? What were they digging?

As more people arrived, however, I noted considerable variety among them: there were women as well as men; a number of couples with children; a range of ages, and of dress—though none looked prosperous. Before many hours had passed, the reason for the dismal headquarters became clear: most of those present had adopted a life of voluntary poverty. They had done so lest anxiety about losing what they had should ever make them hesitate; for these were people ready to act. Somewhere in the history of nonviolent resistance, the term "passive resistance" has been picked up. This term should be discarded. During my stay in New London, I was struck by many ironies in the drama I glimpsed of the relation of this group to the larger public. One of the chief was: those who insist on military preparedness are—of necessity now—constrained and passive; the "pacifists" are the only freely active people I have met in a long time.

A LARGE percentage of those present had already risked and served jail sentences for their stand. The majority, for example, refuse to pay taxes, because the bulk of taxes go for armaments. They all stand, of course, for refusing the draft. Those who have been sent to jail for these "offenses" have protested the prison system while they were about it—their battle being with violence wherever it is met. (Many, though not all, are anarchists and object to prisons per se.) And the tales they tell include remarkable instances of prison authorities' bowing to their will. Their stand against violence engages them in protests against capital punishment; against segregation (many were active in the sit-in movement); against imperialism (some had joined a "peace walk" across Puerto Rico, calling for the true independence of that country); against Congressional abuse of investigating powers (many had had to fight for their own lives here; others had picketed for those in trouble). But the most distinctive activity in which they engage is civil disobedience at various war plants. For example, during the summer of 1959, eleven of them trespassed upon the missile plant at Omaha, Nebraska—in symbolic protest, "to reclaim the land for peaceful purposes." (One of the eleven to serve a six-month term for this was a mild-faced mother of four —whose husband patiently coped

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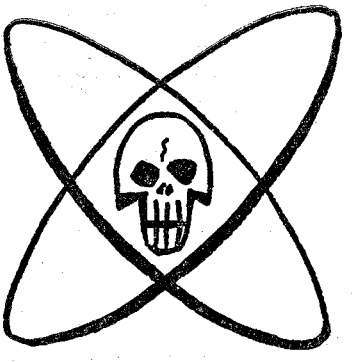
with the children.) Along with members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, they have held continuous vigils of protest at Fort Detrick, the chemical and biological warfare plant; have organized protests against the absurdity of civil defense; have demonstrated in various cities on Hiroshima Day; and backed the voyage of *The Golden Rule* into the Eniwetok H-bomb testing area.

In New London this past summer and fall, the act of trespass has consisted in rowing across the Thames to Groton and attempting to board a Polaris submarine. (They protest the Polaris submarine especially because, in any attempt at a disarmament agreement, it is bound to complicate the problem of inspection infinitely.) The first few times they tried, the submarine turned out to be absent; the demonstrators simply trespassed upon the property of the Electric Boat Company, manufacturer of the submarine. What happened, too, was that the authorities decided that there would be less publicity if they made no arrests, but simply deposited the invaders outside the company gates. The publicity *was* less. On the other hand, the group was enabled to return again and again; and the fact that no one had been jailed encouraged others to swell their numbers. (After I left, they managed at last to board the *George Washington* and the *Patrick Henry,* and on November 23 the *Ethan Allen* — briefly. These actions did make *The New York Times.* The arrests on the last occasion made the front page.)

THERE IS room in the movement, of course, for those who are not prepared to risk jail. A much larger group of volunteers back up these actions with "vigils" at the scene, with "peace walks" and with "leafleteering." A series of leaflets was passed out among Electric Boat workers at every working shift; lectures were arranged at local churches and clubs, and everybody involved engaged whomever he could throughout the town in conversation.

Many of these conversations took place at CNVA headquarters — a tiny office at 13 Bank Street — where townspeople, throughout the summer and fall, dropped in either to heckle or to ask questions; most took place at Electric Boat, where larger and larger crowds of workers, as well as passers-by, would gather after the acts of trespass to comment upon what had gone on. Over the months, more and more townspeople expressed sympathy, and a handful of workers volunteered to quit their jobs if the committee could find them other work. (A Committee for Useful Work is a CNVA project.) But first responses were for the most part violently hostile. "Why must you make fools



of yourselves?" — it was asked again and again, with a tone of horror. There was deeper horror still in the other question asked most frequently: "And why must you break the law?"

Several leaflets reminded the reader of the many examples of civil disobedience in the evolution of this democracy; reminded him that the phrase itself — civil disobedience — had been coined by Thoreau (the group's rowboat is named the Henry David Thoreau). One leaflet quotes him: "If the law is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice . . . then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter friction to stop the machine." Heads would shake. "But why break the law?" The depth of many Americans' awe of authority astonished me. "Would you have broken the law if you had lived in Germany under Hitler?" I heard one workman questioned. He answered stoutly: "No. I believe in obeying the law." Those who viewed with the greatest alarm the prospect of challenging authority (and who invariably assumed that individual action must be ineffectual: "What can you or I do? It's up to our leaders") were the same people who professed that they would rather die — would rather see mankind itself exterminated — than live "as slaves" under "authoritarian" Communist rule.

The longer I listened to the advocates of nonviolence in conversation with the townspeople, the more I was struck by the difference that marked them off from the majority — a difference, I think, directly resulting from those "foolish" acts in which they are engaging.

ONE incident, though minor, sticks in my memory as illustrative. The last day I was there, four people trespassed at the submarine base at Groton, and their act was prefaced by a five-mile "peace walk" from New London. Passing motorists yelled "Ass holes!", "Commies!", "Go back to Cuba!" but a few waved and smiled encouragement. A newspaper reporter walked alongside, questioning a woman directly behind me. Like others before him (myself included) he was bothered about the sloppy clothes worn by a few of the marchers. Why couldn't they be more careful of public opinion? Well, she answered, some among the marchers thought it important not to be concerned about middle-class conventions. For some, this was an important protest, too, though for others it wasn't. Did a few beards and a few shirt tails out really matter? The reporter seemed to think they mattered painfully. There was a note of peevish anxiety in his voice —a curious note, considering the fact that it was not, one gathered, *his* Cause the untidy ones endangered. A little later, a CNVA car came along and the driver pulled off at the side of the road for a moment — but not quite all the way off. A police car appeared, and again the reporter began to fret: "Oh, *why* do they do that? Now they'll get a ticket!" His tone was again one of nervous alarm. I turned to observe them both. The young woman looked at him with a calm surprise. "I don't think they'll get a ticket. But why be nervous about it?" she asked him.

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The police car drove on by. As I turned away, it struck me that here were two people living in quite different worlds, breathing an altogether different air.

The nervous agitation of the reporter was not an agitation peculiar to him. By now it was a phenomenon familiar to me. It seemed to me sometimes in these encounters with those who opposed us, that Fear was tangible in the air between us — a free-floating creature. Often we ourselves, incongruously, were its object. In spite of the fact that one argument used against us was that our acts must be ineffectual, people hardly ever passed us by with a pitying or careless smile. They passed us with eyes averted as though from some obscene or acutely embarrassing sight; or turned on us looks of such venom and such panic that it was hard, at first, to believe; some snatched leaflets from our hands to tear them into shreds — "Get out of here!"; some few got rougher still. By the end of the summer, a great number of the workers were accepting leaflets with open friendliness: "Back again?", "You get up early, don't you?" But I speak of those who were still unsympathetic. When those in the group who had trespassed were deposited outside the gates of the plant (to emphasize both their attitude of disobedience and their rejection of violence, they followed the course of going limp once officials laid hands upon them), onlookers would sometimes yell with fury: "Crack their heads on the sidewalk!" A young Naval officer who wandered into the CNVA office screamed at one of the women volunteers: "When the first Russian soldier rapes you, I hope you remember me!"

The real source of all this panicky fury emerged clearly enough in any prolonged conversation. Most conversations followed a pattern. The man or woman objecting to unilateral disarmament would first declare that war could be prevented if only this country would keep itself strong. (Sometimes one would add the very next moment: "We'll be out there fighting for *you*, if it comes, you cowards!") The risk of war through some accident or miscalculation would be dismissed with a scoff. But at a certain point there would break from their lips some remark revealing the assumption at heart that disaster *must* come, sooner or later; there was just nothing anyone could do about it. Very many added, "Perhaps we all deserve it!" The uniformity of this pattern was striking. The responses of the workers at Electric Boat matched almost phrase by phrase — if one censored a few rough words — the responses I heard from intellectuals. The source is the same acute suffering, arising from an infuriating sense of helplessness — of the impossibility any longer of battle that is not self-defeating, of gallant action; and the same deep sense of guilt from which there is, seemingly, no way out — unless perhaps in that almost-wished-for explosion which would be the End of the World.

Paul Weber

The Unborn

A LIVELY admission of the paralysis experienced by so many, but rarely acknowledged, is contained in a statement made by one of the young men who volunteered to try to board a nuclear submarine. CNVA always announces beforehand to the public and to all officials involved just what action it plans; and each individual who is about to commit civil disobedience states his motives in writing. The following is part of a statement by Victor Richman, one of the nine recently arrested:

> An awesome specter threatens me now, invading the seclusion of the most precious parts of my existence, carelessly flaunting its meaning and visions, identifying itself, terribly, with my being. . . . It will be at times a dark, inky mist, blocking my path. . . . It appears also as a hard steel chain penetrating insidiously far below my skin, to hold the molecules of my body, to make them . . . cold and uneventful. And I have discovered, eventually, that I am not free. . . .
>
> I have been told that I must not refrain from learning to kill. I have also been told that I must prepare myself in every way for my annihilation. And I have been told that I cannot be present at the places where these conditions are set down.
>
> I have not the right to obey these conditions.

If there is a difference between these people and the majority, this decision has made the difference. In refusing "to obey these conditions," they have found at least a degree of freedom from the bondage the passage above, I think, quite accurately describes. How eventful the actions of these people will be in terms of the world at large, remains an open question — how many

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others, that is, will finally join them. But there is no question that their actions have changed *them*. The people I saw gathered in New London were people of altogether mixed background: Quakers, Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Jews, atheists; Negro and white; men and women from all over the country, of both humble and privileged birth, and drawn from any number of occupations. They were people, also, of strong temperament; discussions were lively; the group was hardly monotone. Yet the longer I observed them, the more I was struck by a certain enviable air that could be said to distinguish them all — and most particularly those who had experimented with nonviolence for any length of time.

They are marked by an extraordinary spontaneity. All had recovered — or retained — the sense that an individual *can* act, and *has weight*. "If no one else will do it, then do it yourself," a homely, vivid old man said to me lightly — a house painter who had staged a one-man memorial protest in Cleveland on Hiroshima Day. As a result of their commitment to action, almost all were conspicuously hardy — in a very special manner. There was an atmosphere among them both grave and lighthearted. The place was full of wit. The more particular quality and cause of their fearlessness struck me one day as I listened to a group discussion, full of talk of radical changes that should be made in our society. We were sitting in the abandoned store, its windows heavily shrouded (the landlady had insisted on this, for rocks had been thrown through the windows over at CNVA). The shrouding gave the place the air of a gangster's hideout, and as the talk touched upon one thing after another wrong with things as they were, I suddenly asked myself (for I am the daughter of a well-to-do Republican lawyer): What am I doing here? This is talk of revolution. Then I recalled the methods to which they are committed: the rejection of secrecy; their careful advance notice to their adversary of all their plans. If the windows here were shrouded, the door was open to anyone who cared to wander in. I recalled their commitment to the use of persuasion in place of violence (seeing in memory their harmless, though stubborn, forms dragged by Electric Boat officials from the company cars, and dumped on the sidewalk — at which they would rise, brush the dirt from their clothes and address the flustered officials: "We're sorry to have to put you through all this, but it's necessary"). I suddenly recognized the source of their distinctive boldness: the source is innocence. No ordinary misgivings about injuring another person need dilute their resolution, and make them hesitate. The candor and innocence of their actions gives to these people—for all the very great differences among them—a likeness to each other. The actions themselves leave their mark upon them.

Among all those present who had experimented with nonviolence for any time, I encountered the same surprise at the power of the actions in which they engage to bear them up. "There don't have to be big men — just big actions. . . . When you get into it, you discover things about yourself that you didn't understand before you began" — this was a Southern minister speaking, a man very active in the integration struggle. The fact that they marvel not at themselves, but at the possibilities in a certain mode of action, lends to all their stories a special quality, gives to the teller a dramatist's eye upon events — lively, impersonal, frequently humorous.

ONE OF the most remarkable tales was that told by Eroseanna Robinson, the track star. Arrested for refusing to pay taxes, she refused to cooperate at all: "In conscience I couldn't be part of this drama. . . . Everyone was playing a role. What we have to do more and more is teach them that the script is wrong . . . by ad-libbing in the spirit of nonviolence." So she refused to walk into court, and was carried in; she fasted in jail, and was tube-fed. In the beginning, officials were very rough with her indeed. She was painfully carried along by the chain of her handcuffs ("But I said: I'll just detach myself"). They carried her with her feet carefully angled up in immodest fashion ("But I felt: This is not my indignity"). They put her in solitary; they threatened her with a mental institution; they promised her that the other prisoners would beat her up. But the other prisoners, who had begun by asking "Who is this silly?", ended by identifying solidly with her resistance. In fact, when another inmate was badly hurt, and the prison was slow about getting her to a hospital, a large group, for the first time in the history of that prison, went on a hunger strike — in imitation of Rose — and the prison got the woman off to the hospital with unusual dispatch. By the time Rose left, prison officials themselves were talking to her not "as to a child, but trying to reach courteously across quite a gap, and with apology." She left after ninety-three days of a year's sentence. Other Peacemakers were by now picketing the prison; all the inmates were stirred by this fact; and it was too much for the authorities.

This story was told with great spirit and wit — the wit impartially at her own expense and at others'. Again, it was not of herself that she boasted, but of these new means she had adopted. The effect of her resistance on the other prisoners occasioned her special wonder. When I went up to her, some time later, and said, "That was a very beautiful story," she answered with simplicity, "I felt that way about it, too."

One constant note recurring in all the discussions was the question of how the nonviolent method could gain mass support. There was much discussion as to whether it was wiser for the group to act on many fronts, or to concentrate time and effort on a single action. The executive secretary of CNVA, Bradford Lyttle, argued with passion that it was essential to forget all other projects and concentrate on protesting against nuclear armaments. As someone paraphrased his words: "Would it matter whether we blew up integrated or segregated?" Another man argued as passionately that "It has always been the folly of pacifism to think of violence and nonviolence as only

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overt . . . Resistance to war is impossible without resistance to imperialism, to racism, to violence as an everyday pervasive reality." The majority shared this view: "It is all one picture."

It was felt that a considerable impact upon public opinion had been made in New London. When the summer ended, though many had to return to jobs and schools, a few made the decision to pull up roots and actually move to the area. One man has given up a printing business to do so; another has moved his business and his family with him. But various other projects were set in motion, too, before the conference closed — with emphasis on concerted support of the sit-in movement.

The discussions were frankly groping. Those who were most experienced were most frank about admitting how much there remained to be learned. But their readiness to learn it was striking. Perhaps the rest of us have everything to learn with them.

The Congo: Memories Shape the Future .. *Robert Wuliger*

WHILE THE working details of the U.N.'s Congo politics must remain a secret, the general outline of the situation seems fairly clear, and its main point crystal clear. The general situation is just what it has been since the Congo began to be exploited by Belgian and international money about seventy-five years ago: a vast treasure of natural wealth that depends upon a reluctant native labor supply to get it out of the ground and process it. Until very recently, the problem was solved by *forcing* the native labor—enslaving it, to be blunt. The main point of the Congo situation right now is that the workers are being courted by two great power blocs, each of which wants the Congo wealth and must rely upon Congo labor. But divide-and-rule politics, backed by military control, will merely repeat the errors of the latter days of European imperialism in Africa—errors that have helped create today's chaos. To try sugar-coating a politico-military "period of order" with Madison Avenue propaganda will be to ignore both the tragic past of the Congo people and the Communists.

In February, 1904, the British Foreign Office released the report of its consul at Boma, Roger Casement (later a hero of the Irish independence movement), detailing the techniques of forced labor by which European fortunes were being made in the Congo. The big money, then, grew out of rubber. But as the Congo natives were reasonably content with the life that lush, tropical nature was giving them, they showed little interest in collecting the quotas of rubber assigned to them by the agents of Belgium's King Leopold II.

Roger Casement's report told how the natives' unwillingness to work for nothing was overcome. The grandfathers of the African men who today swing picks, burrow in mines, operate Bucyrus-Erie buckets, run power lathes, handle Cutler air-hammers, and drive big American trucks in the Congo, either filled their quotas of rubber gathered from the wild vines or had their hands chopped off, their hides whipped, their genitals severed, their villages burned down, their children murdered. The grandmothers of the African women who today involuntarily pick the cotton, assist at Lever Brothers' oil-palm plantations, and bring their children to the church-run schools to be taught what is considered good for them, were tortured, murdered, raped and driven into brothels established for the pleasure of King Leopold's quota-enforcers, or his white agents. Villages were wiped out, the land expropriated, the communal society extirpated, the population terrorized or liquidated. In 1904, Casement estimated that the Congo population had declined by three million people since he had visited the country twenty years earlier. During the following eight years, it was estimated, three million more human beings disappeared.

These terrifying facts and many like them are part of the living memory of the Congo people. What we speak of was happening only sixty years ago. Furthermore, the Congolese have had no pleasant interlude of the good life to soften harsh memories, as many of us have had whose grandparents escaped from the tyrannies of Europe to America. No radio, no TV, no new car, no nice clothing, no comfortable apartment, no electric refrigerator, no union hours. Worst of all, they have had no freedom. And, as many of them see it, and as the East's propaganda will try to convince them, they have had only the gleaners' share of the fabulous wealth—first from rubber and later from copper, tin, diamonds, gold, silver, tungsten, manganese, radium, iron, cobalt, uranium, palm-oil, cotton, timber, copal and coffee —that their labor has helped to extract from their land.

JUST HOW much share the Congolese should have had is a highly complicated, technical question. What share they might get under a Communist Congo is another complicated question. But the state of mind of the Congo people, who can easily idealize their pre-industrial, pre-colonial past because the present is so unbearable and the immediate past was so horrible, is no question at all.

What can the U.N., which is identified with the forces that brought waste, murder, rapine, slavery and destruction to the Congo, say and do to bring the Congolese to the Western side? The U.N. can talk about the minimizing of sleeping sickness. Or about the reduction of

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ROBERT WULIGER, an American writer living in Europe, is completing a book on economic imperialism and the theories of E. D. Morel, who at the turn of the century was an unrelenting critic of Belgium's Congo policy under King Leopold II.

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the incidence of cannibalism. Or about the patient goodness of the nuns and priests who have managed the Congo's social services for over fifty years. Or about the rise in literacy, cleanliness and the small ways of civilization.

But look at what they *promised* you, the Communists will say, and they will quote King Leopold's declaration that he was in Africa "for the purpose of promoting the civilization and commerce of Africa, and for other humane and benevolent purposes." They will quote the General Act of the Conference of Berlin of 1885, which created the Congo Free State for, among other things, the "moral well-being" of the natives and the suppression of the slave trade. Look what they promised you then, the East will say, and look what you got. *Can you believe their promises now?*

Look at yourselves and your living conditions, the Communists will say, and remember what happened to your mothers and grandmothers, and then look at the living conditions of the people who have developed the Congo, not just the whites who were here supervising you and living like what you thought were kings, but the really big white people behind them: King Leopold and the Belgian royal family, J. P. Morgan, Daniel Guggenheim, Thomas Fortune Ryan, Jr., James D. Stillman, Edward B. Aldrich, John Hays Hammond, Harry Payne Whitney, August Belmont—and all their staffs, courtiers and retainers. Look at them and look at yourselves. Then look at Communist Russia, sixty years ago primitive, exploited and miserable, like you, and now one of the two great powers in the world. Would we be where we are today if we had left ourselves in the hands of these same people?

WILL there, then, be any point in telling the Congolese of the human costs of developing Communist Russia or Communist China? Will there be any use in trying to simplify, for the Bantu, the tremendous complexities involved in making comparative value judgments of one socio-economic system against another? Do we tell him about the atrocities of Stalinism? Then the Russians will tell him about the atrocities of nineteenth-century industrialism or twentieth-century world wars, which they claim are the product of capitalism. The Congo native already knows about the atrocities of Congo exploitation. *Can we promise black Africans the "American way of life" when we cannot even give it to black Americans?*

The accumulated evil results of over seventy-five years of blind and greedy policy cannot be forgotten overnight. Half a century ago, Sir Harry Johnston, a British pioneer colonial administrator and Liberal imperialist, admonished:

> Unless some stop can be put to the misgovernment of the Congo regions, I venture to warn those who are interested in African politics that a movement is already begun and is spreading fast, which will unite the Negroes against the White race, a movement which will prematurely stamp out the beginnings of the new civilization we are trying to implant, and against which movement, except so far as the actual coastline is concerned, the resources of men and money which Europe can put into the field will be powerless.

Even if Johnston's military analysis has been made obsolete by air power and nuclear weapons, and even if his "movement" has become ideological rather than racial, his feeling for the heart of the matter is valid, as recent events have shown. Here are millions of human beings who at best have been treated about as well as oxen or dray horses—fed, housed, kept strong and healthy, and encouraged to breed profusely—behind an artificial political line that fenced them out of educational and political rights, but not out of information. They learned, through the grapevine, about other African independence movements, about the rights and power of labor, about strikes and wars, despite the Belgian effort to keep their eyes and ears sealed. If there was any tendency for the Bantu, when he had learned what other colonial peoples were achieving, to shut his eyes because of habit, training or fear of the master's power, his eyes could be easily reopened by just a few reminders from any agitator or from his share of the race-memory: mass crosses, each made of, say, a dozen Bantu grandparents nailed together to die in the burning sun; others tied together into a huge ball and rolled down a rocky hillside; whippings; shootings; tortures, for rubber or for caprice; stakes driven into their mothers' and grandmothers' vaginas.

These are the Congo people and these are their memories. What, then, can the U.N. say to them to get their confidence or do for them to keep it? It is comparatively easy to plan divide-and-rule methods effectuated by military techniques, but

The Sunday Times (London)

The Winds of Change

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it will not be easy to make them work over a period of time, for the Congo millions can and will strike, or simply desert the mines and plantations.

Any long-term plan seriously considered by the U.N. must depend heavily upon an imaginative and forward-looking assessment of the facts at hand. If the military forces needed to keep order are permitted to become forces of militarism, or if the bureaucracy is allowed to stagnate for lack of aggressive, nimble leadership, it might be wise to consider closing the Congo's mines and plantations, letting the people run wild, and thus, in effect, preserving some of the world's natural resources for generations to come. United Nations force, in this case, would be used only to preserve the closure, just as game wardens preserve (or try to preserve) wild-life resources. Precisely why today's world is so anxious to dig up the mineral resources given to mankind only once for all time, at the expense of all future mankind, may be the great historical puzzle (and tragedy) of the world to come. If the U.N. and the Russians cannot come to a reasonable settlement of the Congo problem, at least they might make of their stalemate a gift to the future.

IF, HOWEVER, it is felt essential to strip central Africa of its resources, so that we can build longer automobiles, deadlier bombs, more and more telephone lines on which we say less and less, etc., then, to avoid acrimony, let there be a joint East-West administration of the Congo economy. Each side will get equal shares of the output and equal blame for the management. For let us not deceive ourselves that, in the tropical heat of the Congo, with the political memories and the level of civilization that obtain there, anything short of slavery—call it by any name you wish—will work to get the people back into producing. The history of the exploitation of Africa is a history of forced labor. Climate alone determines this situation. Custom emphasizes it. History insures it. It will behoove both West and East to ask each other to manage the Congo as a joint enterprise, if only to keep the various "freedom" myths alive. If one side alone tries running the Congo, the other will be handed what is known in the high-politics trade as a beautiful "propaganda advantage."

Perhaps the West-East joint management could turn profits over to "underdeveloped areas" to build schools, hospitals, playgrounds, agricultural-aid stations, etc.—a bipartisan Point IV program. Each side shouts loudly about its noble aims; here is an opportunity to test the professions of virtue. We have not considered "a fair return to invested capital" in the Congo, for capital has already had such a stupendous return that talk of fairness might initiate embarrassing questions from bright African leaders, such as: "How about returning everything taken out of Africa, over and above an agreed fair profit for risk, fixed capital, salaries, etc.?" Or they might even point to West German indemnity payments to Israel, and restitution payments to Nazi victims, as a precedent, and say: "Us, too."

Assuming, now, that in some way the West, alone, should get control of the Congo again, how, short of brutal slave-driving, can it make a going business of the territories? Even given brutal slave-driving, murder, rapine and terror, à la King Leopold, the Congo can't be made to produce. Africa is alive and aware today, and Africans simply cannot be made to submit to this sort of thing for any length of time. Something better must be offered them.

IF THE stick won't work, the carrot may. (It may not, either, but we think that it must be tried if the Congo is to function as a going business.) The carrot, in this case, would be stock shares. Congo enterprises, or perhaps the entire Congo production organized as a single enterprise, would be incorporated, with shares for sale to workers. Shares would be salable only under limited circumstances, to prevent any combination of big money or big power from coming in and recreating the old monopolies. Wages and salaries would be determined by skills and scarcities and social needs. The result could be the creation of a responsible, property-owning, self-improving, conservative class of Congo people, whose chief interest for themselves and their progeny would be a smooth-running, stable economy.

To make the money payments for wages, salaries and share-dividends real, there would be initiated a building program. The trustees who would manage the Congo (we are supposing that it is the U.N.) until the Congo people, themselves, were able to take over, would build homes, furniture, schools, hospitals, playgrounds, universities, libraries, model farms. A consumer-goods program (or trade with nations that are producing consumer goods) would keep Congo workers eager to produce, just as it keeps other peoples eager to produce. The Congo can use lots of electric refrigerators, fans, prefabricated houses, medicines and all the other goods we produce in a plethora. We can continue to use their palm oil, copra, minerals and the rest.

TO SOME readers this will sound strangely familiar. It is, of course, the line of enlightened imperialism, 1890 style. British imperialism convinced itself and the British people that it was in Africa and elsewhere as a trustee in the development of backward peoples and their lands. King Leopold's kind of imperialism made a mockery of this kind of profession. King Leopold was not the only sinner, and few nations can come into court with clean hands. The West, of course, is not a "free world," but the awakening of Africa gives it a chance—or, it may be more accurate to say, gives it no alternative—but to become a rather free world. We cannot now undo the murder and slavery that have helped us toward the highest standard of living that the world has ever known, but we can, at least, cleanse our hearts with honest confession, and our hands with an honest re-structuring of the political, economic and, hence, social world in which millions of men, women and children not basically unlike ourselves will live.

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Bringing Emily Downstairs

THE YEARS AND HOURS OF EMILY DICKINSON. By Jay Leyda. Yale University Press. 2 Vols. 928 pp. $25.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Thomas H. Johnson, editor. Little, Brown. 770 pp. $10.

Odell Shepard

"Emily, you damned little rascal, come down here this minute and behave yourself!"

WE ARE credibly told that words of that tenor, including the adjective, were shouted long ago up the staircase of the Dickinson mansion in Amherst, Massachusetts, by the redoubtable Mr. Samuel Bowles, no less. He was vexed, and somewhat perplexed. Few women, if any, had ever refused to see him before, and for this particular woman to do so—she who had written him all those fervent letters brimful of an admiration scarcely distinguishable from plain-spoken love, was intolerable. Her whim of hiding herself away as though nursing a broken heart, when in fact she was as merry a little grig as even Shakespeare could have imagined, was one he did not intend to indulge. As editor of *The Springfield Republican,* one of America's leading newspapers, he was accustomed to command. Also he knew that she, though rebellious up to a point, was in the habit of obeying orders delivered in a sufficiently resonant masculine voice.

It is believed that on this occasion she did come down to the parlor, and behaved herself there like people of this world. After a few days she wrote him again, signing the letter "Your Rascal" and adding as a postscript: "I washed the adjective."

Mr. Jay Leyda, in a far less peremptory way, is also trying to bring Emily down from that upper chamber in which he thinks she has been unjustly confined by a "sentimental legend" which "isolates her—and thus much of her poetry—from the real world." This legend, says he, "shows her unaware of community and nation, never seeing anyone, never wearing any color but white. . . . She remains hidden in her second-floor bedroom, jotting down little verses that help to keep alive a great love she renounced many, many years since."

Now it is probably true that some such image of America's greatest lyric poet does exist in the minds of most people who know and care anything about her. Just how it came there, and whether it has any validity, are questions not answered or even asked in Mr. Leyda's book. He assumes the legend false and sets out to destroy it.

In that effort he fails. Long before turning the 900th page of his book one becomes aware that the legend is authenticated more fully than it has ever been before. And this somewhat ironic outcome is due to the fact that Mr. Leyda, an earnest and completely honest workman in scholarly research, has felt obliged to set down in minute detail many items that bear directly against his thesis. The point deserves emphasis that here we have another instance of the notion—ultimately based, perhaps, upon a misunderstanding of scientific method—that sheer industry in the gathering of "data" is a sufficient substitute for hard thinking and sound judgment. Mr. Leyda's industry is phenomenal, but in total effect it reminds one reader at least—and he hopes the comparison will not seem disrespectful—of the pack rat that eventually crowds itself out of its hole by stuffing into it too many things which it fancies may some day prove useful.

The "single aim" of this book, we are told in the Introduction, "is to get at the truth about Emily Dickinson." That statement is presently helpful, and it leaves one only to determine what method is used and whether it achieves its purpose.

THE METHOD is similar to that employed by Mr. Leyda in his earlier work, *The Melville Log.* It involves the assembling and chronological arrangement of miscellaneous circumferential data which, in the compiler's belief, have some "relevance," either obvious or as yet undiscovered, to the person under examination. To this it should be added that Mr. Leyda often applies the criterion of relevance with extreme latitude. For instance, he records the names of various hotels in which Emily's father registered his name while traveling alone, together with the dates of those registrations. Now, while freely granting that Edward Dickinson was of prime importance to his elder daughter, one cannot but ask what possible bearing such information has at present, or ever can have, upon "the truth about Emily Dickinson."

To that sort of question Mr. Leyda has his answer ready. "The tiniest scrap of biographical fact," says he, "might be the very detail needed to help grasp a cluster of associations, the missing piece in the puzzle that makes plain a series of relationships in the life that in turn reveals a major theme . . . in the poems." That may well be, and we all have heard that "for want of a nail the shoe was lost"; yet for most of us the time arrives when we feel that our private collections of horseshoe nails will have to suffice for whatsoever exigencies may occur. Mr. Leyda remains a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, though he does have to recall that every book must have an end. He warns us, however, that his account of what happened in Emily Dickinson's time and place is neither continuous nor complete. It may be a load on his conscience that he has told us nothing about when, where and by whom Mr. Edward Dickinson had his hair cut. He may not even know.

A really significant "relevance" might be established if we could connect the shearing of Emily's own locks with her first sight of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's picture, or, still better, with her first reading of *The Mill on the Floss* and the vivid passage in which young Maggie cuts off her hair as an act of revolt against parental authority. Yet even in that case, and supposing the later event to have followed close upon the earlier, we should be cautious in attributing a cause-and-effect relationship between the two. For Emily Dickinson—does it need saying?—was a person remarkably capable of thinking up things for herself.

Just that, indeed, was her chief occupation. Out of it came and back into it went all her rapturous joy and likewise the agony that was joy's shadow, all her loneliness and her abounding love. Source hunters who ignore this central incontrovertible fact are not

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even moving in a general direction of "the truth about Emily Dickinson."

This is not to imply that she lived as it were in a dark and soundproof cell. Her correspondence was voluminous; she had many friends to whom she was passionately devoted; she was an assiduous reader of *The Springfield Republican;* and, as Mr. Leyda says, "she could not have been unaware of the violent deaths, suicides, lynch mobs, abortions, dishonesties" of which quiet Amherst had its due portion. Awareness, however, is not the same thing as engagement, and it may not include even interest. The fact is that upon a large part of what went on in Amherst or was reported in the newspapers she could and she did "close the valves of her attention like stone." For the human race in general she seems to have felt no great affection, and some of the things she says about it have an eerie effect as though coming from a disembodied spirit. "There are many people in the world," she once remarked to a visitor. "You must have seen them in the streets. But how do they live without any thoughts? How do they put on their clothes?" Looking out of her window on a Sunday morning, she says to herself: "I do wish that the Faith of the Fathers didn't wear brogans and carry a blue umbrella!" One day an old lady came to the door, rather aimlessly inquiring her way to a vacant house. Emily reports: "I directed her to the cemetery, to save the cost of a later removal."

EMILY DICKINSON was *in* the world perforce, but she firmly refused to be *of* it. Except that she was temporarily encumbered with an ailing and unbeautiful body, she resembled Shakespeare's Ariel in her cool detachment from worldly concerns. Of her father's business she never spoke or wrote. About his political opinions and career she was silent, except that she was mildly amused when she learned that somebody was trying to make her "Mr. Lieutenant Governor's daughter." Three or four of her poems indicate some awareness of the Civil War but no comprehension of its tragic nature. Probably the most startling literary event of her time was the publication of *Leaves of Grass*. She never read the book, having heard that it was "disgraceful." When Emerson lectured in Amherst she did not go to hear him, and she may not have glanced out of the window when he entered her brother's house, next door.

The justification of all these silences and abstentions, including the poet's gradual retreat from society, may be given in Mr. Leyda's own words: "She had her work, which she was determined to do." That work, as her manuscripts show, was extremely arduous. It involved a fiercely concentrated introspection which absorbed all the time and strength she could spare from her household duties. She had firm hold on the elementary fact that a poet's business is to make poems. In 1862 she made as many poems as there were days in the year, many of them among her best.

Mr. Leyda has produced a valuable book which every close student of Emily Dickinson will wish to have at hand. It contains important passages of her prose not easily accessible elsewhere. The many sketches of "people around Emily Dickinson" meets a need long felt. The fifty or more photographs of manuscripts, places and persons are well chosen and well reproduced. The volumes are decidedly handsome.

Here, then, is a huge hoard of information; but it cannot be too strongly urged that knowing a great deal *about* this woman is not the same thing as knowing her. For that more intrinsic knowledge, to which mere information can contribute little or nothing, we must go to the writings in prose and verse which she called her "letter to the world." There she has told "all the truth," although she has told it "slant." It is our good fortune that in recent years her total output in prose and verse, so far as it is now available, has been published under the impeccable editorship of Mr. Thomas H. Johnson. *The Complete Poems*, in one volume, must be regarded as one of the most important publications of the year.

The Dazzled Ones

(From the French of Jean-Arthur Rimbaud: September 1870)

Smudged in the murk and in the snow,
Against the ventilator's glow,
Their butts rounded,

Five tattered tykes upon their knees
Watch the baker mix and squeeze
The thick blond bread.

They see the strong white arms that roll
The dough, and in a luminous hole
Lay it with care.

They wait the good bread's baking while
The baker with his buttered smile
Croons an old air.

They crouch there, quiet and intent,
As if they found that radiant vent
Warm as a breast.

When, fashioned for some midnight spread,
The brioche rolls of twisted bread
Come forth at last,

And under the smoke-blackened beams
The crickets chirp and the bread gleams,
The ravished rogues

At whom life rises from a stove
Pulse with a sense of sudden love
Under their rags.

They feel themselves in life's good hold,
These shivering Christkids gnawed by cold,
And cluster near,

Pushing pink muzzles to the grille,
Chattering, as they gaze their fill
Through Heaven's door.

Poor puppies — there they pray and press
Against that gate to happiness,
Their small knees skinned,

Their breeches bursting at the seam,
Their thin shirts shuddering in the stream
of the winter wind.

DILYS LAING

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Having culled the following list of annual recommendations from the book reviews published (or to be published) in *The Nation* in 1960, the editor notices more books about individuals than he would have expected. But if this uncovers an unsuspected bias, he does not apologize for it. Strong, creative, or eccentric individuals are the bread of history; every age needs them — if not for example, at least for inspiration — and our age's need is greater than most.

Christmas seems to be sweeping in this season with less frenzy of exhortation than has marked the holiday in recent years. Perhaps the emotion spent on electing a President has left the promoters with their batteries uncharged; or perhaps the iron perplexities of survival cannot again be hidden by sprays of plastic holly, and even the merchants of musical liquor bottles and fitted "overnite" cases sense that their wares are not really what America wants most.

Books are less an incitation to the wrath of the gods. This list, we hope, is brief enough to serve as a check list and varied enough to satisfy most interests. It is followed by the customary choices from *Nation* contributors, a critical survey of the year's art books, a list of works published in the year by *Nation* writers of the year, and an augmented selection of paperbacks. The roundup ends with a list of records compiled by the music editor.

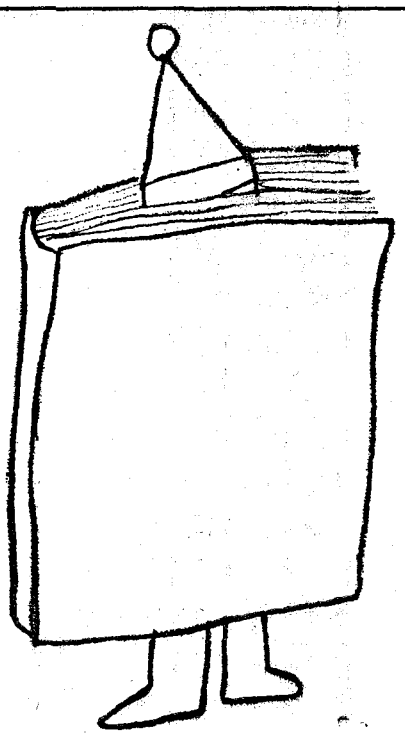
Human Nature and the Human Condition. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Random. $3.95.
Asa Gray: 1810-1888. By A. Hunter Dupree. Harvard. $7.50.
J. M. Synge: 1871-1909. By David H. Greene and Edward M. Stephens. Macmillan. $6.75.
The Magic Christian. By Terry Southern. Random. $3.
Living Japan. By Donald Keene. Doubleday. $7.95.
T. H. Huxley. By Cyril Bibby. Horizon. $3.
On the Sociology of Medicine. On the History of Medicine. By Henry E. Sigerist. MD Publications. $6.75 each.
The Kremlin. By David Douglas Duncan. New York Graphic Society. $25.
Khrushchev's Russia. By Edward Crankshaw. Penguin. 85c.
The Western Intellectual Tradition. By J. Bronowski and Bruce Mazlish. Harper. $7.50.
Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York (1746-1813). By George Dangerfield. Harcourt. $10.
The Poem Itself. Stanley Burnshaw, editor. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $6.50.
Weekend in Dinlock. By Clancy Sigal. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
The Diary of Benjamin Robert Haydon. Willard Bissell Pope, editor. Harvard. 2 Vols. $20.
The Dymaxion World of Buckminster Fuller. By Robert W. Marks. Reinhold. $12.
The Future as History. By Robert L. Heilbroner. Harper. $4.
Brecht: The Man and His Mask. By Martin Esslin. Doubleday. $4.50.
Words and Things. By Ernest Gellner. Beacon. $5.
The Edge of Objectivity. By Charles Coulston. Princeton. $7.50.
The Denatured Novel. By Albert Van Nostrand. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.
Louis Sullivan As He Lived. By Willard Connely. Horizon. $5.95.
Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution. By Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. $3.50.
The Life and Opinions of T. E. Hulme. By Alun Jones. Beacon. $4.50.
The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. By William L. Shirer. Simon & Schuster. $10.
The Politics of Upheaval. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.
Growing Up Absurd. By Paul Goodman. Random. $4.50.
A Canticle for Leibowitz. By Walter M. Miller, Jr. Lippincott. $4.95.
The Sot-Weed Factor. By John Barth. Doubleday. $7.50.
The Nephew. By James Purdy. Farrar. $3.95.
Let Us Now Praise Famous Men (revised edition). By James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

Nelson Algren

The Magic Christian. By Terry Southern. Random. $3.50.
The Long Way Through. By James Ballard. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
Lover Man. By Alston Anderson. Pyramid Books. 35c. paper
The Horn. By John Clellon Holmes. Random. $3.75.
The Hussar. By Gregor von Rezzori. Harcourt, Brace. $4.95.

Carleton Beals

The Power Elite. By C. Wright Mills. Oxford. $1.
Listening with the Third Ear. By Theodore Reik. Grove. $1.95 paper.
Arms and Politics in Latin America. By Edwin Lieuwen. Praeger. $4.75.
The Nephew. By James Purdy. Farrar. $3.95.
Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution. By Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. $3.50.



Harold Clurman

Literature and Western Man. By J. B. Priestley. Harper. $6.95.
Copland on Music. By Aaron Copland. Doubleday. $3.95.
Art and Illusion. By E. H. Gombrich. Pantheon. $10.
Growing Up Absurd. By Paul Goodman. Random. $4.50.
The Leopard. By G. di Lampedusa. Pantheon. $4.95.

David Cort

Krapp's Last Tape. By Samuel Beckett. Grove. $3.95.
A & P: A Study in Price-Cost Behavior and Public Policy. By M. A. Adelman. Harvard. $10.
The Coming of War. By Albert Z. Carr. Doubleday. $4.95.
The Ugly American. By William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. Crest. 50c paper.
The Irish Genius. By D. Garrity. Signet. 50c paper.

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George Dangerfield

Six More At Sixty. By Robert Hyde. Doubleday. $3.95.
Sowing. By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.
The Age of the Democratic Revolution. By R. R. Palmer. Princeton. $7.50.
The Politics of Upheaval. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.
Nature and Man's Fate. By Garrett Hardin. Rinehart. $6.

Carl Dreher

Clea. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.95.
The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. By William L. Shirer. Simon & Schuster. $10.
Selected Writings. By Wilhelm Reich. Farrar. $7.50.
The Rack. By A. E. Ellis. Little, Brown. $4.50.
The Doctor Business. By Richard Carter. Liberty-Prometheus. $1.85.

George P. Elliott

Love and Like. By Herbert Gold. Dial. $3.95.
James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. $12.50.
Summer Anniversaries. By Donald Justice. Wesleyan. $1.65.
Collected Poems: 1930-1960. By Josephine Miles. Indiana. $3.95.
Memento Mori. By Muriel Spark. Meridian. $1.25.

Ramon Guthrie

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. By William L. Shirer. Simon & Schuster. $10.
The Modern Poets. By M. L. Rosenthal. Oxford. $6.50.
Zazie. By Raymond Queneau. Harper. $3.50.
Through Streets Broad and Narrow. By Gabriel Fielding. Morrow. $4.50.
Child of Montmartre. By Paul Léautaud. Random. $3.75.

George G. Kirstein

The Future As History. By Robert L. Heilbroner. Harper. $4.
False Coin. By Harvey Swados. Little, Brown. $4.
The Drunk in the Furnace. By W. S. Merwin. Macmillan. $1.25 paper.
Politics of Upheaval. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.
Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution. By Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. $3.50.

Carey McWilliams

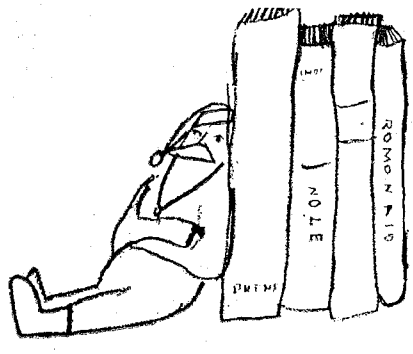
Edison: A Biography. By Matthew Josephson. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.
Bird in the Bush. By Kenneth Rexroth. New Directions. $3.75.
An Epidemic of Genius. By Ira Wolfert. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.
Opinions. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Unicorn Press (London). 15s.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. Harvard. $4.50.

Vivian Mercier

The Magician of Lublin. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Noonday. $3.50.
The Life of John Middleton Murry. By F. A. Lea. Oxford. $6.50.
Collected Poems 1930-1960. By Josephine Miles. Indiana. $3.95.
The Hostage. By Brendan Behan. Grove. $1.45 paper.
A Correspondence of Americans. By Jack Hirschman. Indiana. $2.75.

W. S. Merwin

La Guerre d'Algérie. By Jules Roy. Julliard (Paris). 9 nouveaux francs.
Lupercal. By Ted Hughes. Harper. $3.
Anthology of Japanese Literature from



Earliest Times to the 19th Century. By Donald Keene. Grove. $6.50.
The Last of the Just. By André Schwarz-Bart. Atheneum. $4.95.

Howard Nemerov

The Exclusions of a Rhyme. By J. V. Cunningham. Swallow. $1.35.
Generation Without Farewell. By Kay Boyle. Knopf. $3.95.
The History of Nature. By C. F. von Weizsäcker. Chicago. $1.25 paper.
Wage War on Silence. By Vassar Miller. Wesleyan. $1.65.
Posthistoric Man. By Roderick Seidenberg. Beacon. $1.45 paper.

Frank O'Connor

The Affair. By C. P. Snow. Scribner's. $4.50.
The Folded Leaf. By William Maxwell. Vintage. $1.25 paper.
Through Streets Broad and Narrow. By Gabriel Fielding. Morrow. $4.50.
Billy Liar. By Keith Waterhouse. Norton. $3.95.
Eating People Is Wrong. By Malcolm Bradbury. Knopf. $4.

Fairfield Porter

The Phenomenon of Man. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Harper. $5.
The Location of Things. By Barbara Guest. Tibor de Nagy Gallery. $1 paper.
Life Against Death. By Norman D. Brown. Modern Library. $1.25.
Harding's Luck. By E. Nesbit. Coward-McCann. $3.

Kenneth Rexroth

The Opening of the Field. By Robert Duncan. Grove. $1.45 paper.
Collected Poems 1930-1960. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford. $6.
Ancient Peoples and Places (a series). Glyn Daniels, editor. Praeger. $6.50 ea.
The Anatomy of Jazz. By Leroy Ostransky. University of Washington Press. $4.75.
The Twilight of European Colonialism. By Stewart C. Easton. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $10.

M. L. Rosenthal

The New American Poetry, 1945-1960. Edited by Donald M. Allen. Grove. $5.95.
Collected Poems 1930-1960. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford. $6.
New and Selected Poems. By Howard Nemerov. Chicago. $3.50.
Selected Works (Vol. I — Prose). By Rainer Maria Rilke. New Directions. $3.25.
Selected Works (Vol. II — Poetry). By Rainer Maria Rilke. New Directions. $6.
To Bedlam and Part Way Back. By Anne Sexton. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
Terraces of Light. By Marya Zaturenska. Grove. $2.75.

Winfield Townley Scott

New Poems 1960. By Witter Bynner. Knopf. $3.75.
Gemini. By William Kelley. Doubleday. $4.95.
Collected Poems 1930-1960. By Josephine Miles. Indiana. $3.95.
Wonderstrand Revisited. By Charles H. Philbrick. Wake-Brook House. $3.
The Nephew. By James Purdy. Farrar. $3.95.

Odell Shepard

The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. T. H. Johnson, editor. Little, Brown. $10.
The Varieties of History. Fritz Stern, editor. Meridian. $1.45 paper.
The Idea of the Holy. By Rudolf Otto. Oxford. $1.75 paper.
An Essay on Man. By Ernst Cassirer. Doubleday. 75c paper.

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Paideia: The Ideals of Greek Culture (3 vols.). By Werner Jaeger. Oxford. $6.50 ea.

Terry Southern

The Connection. By Jack Gelber. Grove. $1.75 paper.
Clea. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.95.
The Naked Lunch. By William Burroughs. Olympia Press. $4.
Ko, or a Season on Earth. By Kenneth Koch. Grove. $3.50. $1.75 paper.
The Sot-Weed Factor. By John Barth. Doubleday. $7.50.

Gore Vidal

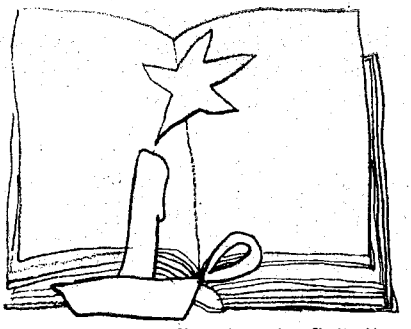
The Politics of Upheaval. By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.
The House of Five Talents. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
Storyboard. By John Bowen. Faber.
Harding's Luck. By E. Nesbit. Coward-McCann. $3.
So Be It. By André Gide. Knopf. $3.50.

Dan Wakefield

Cousin to Human. By Jane Mayhall. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.
To Bedlam and Part Way Back. By Anne Sexton. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
Bone Thoughts. By George Starbuck. Yale. $1.25 paper.
Generation Without Farewell. By Kay Boyle. Knopf. $3.95.
Let Us Now Praise Famous Men. By James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.

William Appleman Williams

The Question of Government Spending. By F. M. Bator. Harper. $3.75.
The Deathmakers. By G. Sire. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.
Growing Up Absurd. By Paul Goodman. Random. $4.50.
Let Us Now Praise Famous Men. By James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin. $6.50.
Ceremony in Lone Tree. By Wright Morris. Atheneum. $4.



Drawings by Palladino

Art Books of the Season: Part I

Lincoln Kirstein

Mr. Kirstein's annual evaluation of art books is being published in two sections. Part II, dealing with Documentary Albums, Architecture and Photography, will appear next week.

EACH YEAR, additions to the art library that anyone may build fairly easily become heavier; subjects which a decade ago would have seemed special now appear in big editions. Systematic coverage of neglected epochs (Skira, New York Graphic Society, Abrams), obscure figures, remote places, appear increasingly, in color, in detail. Color improves and prices mount. Minor arts gain deserved attention. For contemporary art and its immediate nineteenth-century background, there is much duplication; choices impose themselves. Only architecture lags, both in popular surveys and monographs. Aside from two massive English series (Penguin and Oxford) admirable but primarily for specialists, one cannot, without travel, get nearly as much idea of the development of masterbuilding, as one can of masterpainting. What is badly needed is a compact comparative study by writing scholars of taste and skill, under generous and competent general-editorship, comparable to the five-volume "Poets of the English Language" (Auden-Pearson, Viking), which would relate simultaneous activity in Europe, coeval work in Asia; more lately, the Americas. It would be worth the combined ratiocinative tonnage of Malraux, the academic aestheticians, and the amateur (and professional) art-appreciators, introducers and life-enhancers. Their net result does not focus attention on the single statue, building or painting, but on their own awesome idiosyncratic systems, decoratively illustrated.

The chief use of an art book, as opposed to viewing a work of art itself, is to make one look closer or deeper. This requires, ideally, as much energy as is needed to read a piano score. But with books, since eyes alone are involved, not ears and fingers, it is almost too easy; impressions don't stick; they are obliterated by the next reproduction. It is quicker to buy a new book on Near Eastern art than to pay a visit to the newly arranged rooms at the Metropolitan Museum, where it may take many visits to absorb the intention in ivory, gold, fired-clay and heroic granite there fixed, not in reproduction, but in fact; not in Persepolis but in New York. Still, it is hard to find a simple survey which tells us how Iranian motifs of winged-bulls and lions, sphinxes, angels, sacred trees, water, clouds, relate to Egypt, Greece, the Orient; which came first; how they got onto Venetian velvet, Persian rugs and Japanese brocade; and what they all mean.

Individual Artists

HIROSHIGE. By Walter Exner. Introduction by Werner Speiser. Crown. $10.

Large squarish format, well printed in Germany, with 45 laid-in color plates of much accuracy and subtlety. Letterpress contains excerpts from this great artist's diary, a splendid commentary on the many views he saw in different weathers, all over Japan. The nineteenth-century Japanese popular woodcut for mass consumption issued from a fragile formula of impersonal observation, a generalized detail that did not rob objects of their particularity and surprising arrangements and framings. When one realizes that the prints were the result of a long and elaborate collaboration of designer, cutter, printer, papermaker and editor-publisher, each almost equally important, the final achievement as individual masterpieces in a collective method are the more amazing. It is as if each member of the team had identical knowledge of and love for snow, rain, feather, fin and leaf. A desirable book.

CLAUDE MONET. By William C. Seitz. Abrams. $15.

This very large, beautiful book with 48 excellent laid-in (West-German) color plates goes far to rescue Monet from recent perils to which his fair name has been subjected in its abrupt and rapacious revival. Along with Turner, he has been strait-jacketed into the ancestor-gallery of Abstract-Expressionism by the simple process of ignoring his intention and overstressing single aspects and out-of-context details of his later work, which can be made to correspond superficially to contemporary preferences in spreading paint-loads over an unfocused surface. In this admirable selection of many unfamiliar studies and pictures, Monet is shown as

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his friends knew him, a nineteenth-century Frenchman, with a marvelously intent yet relaxed vision of natural and man-made forms under varying sunlights. He resists every attempt to turn him into a paler, less violent Van Gogh. Evangelism does not suit him, even though the last pictures are large; their mystery is in the fact that although they are so big, they remain so gentle, so lyrical, yet not empty. The text is splendid; captions clear and expressive.

GEORGE GROSZ. By Ruth Berenson and Norbert Muhlen. Arts, Inc. $12.50.

A well-produced (American) monograph, illustrating all phases, with a just preponderance of early ink drawings which made the reputation that was always to hound his subsequent Americanizing. The satirical Berlin sketches, of a ferocity unequaled since Goya, had the analytical and visionary energy he could not find here. Although he came to New York in the depression, and taught many good WPA painters, his America was always an updated Fenimore Cooper world, sunny, romantic, possible, open, free; but it didn't correspond to the facts and he never made a convincing myth of it. He grew lonely in this dilemma; isolated, he adopted a saccharine style almost as revenge (On whom? Himself). A wonderful draftsman, a strained, honest artist, this book does him justice; though a third of it seems more pious homage than final judgment. There are 50 incomparable drawings.

THE ART OF HENRY MOORE. By Will Grohmann. Abrams. $15.

An extremely handsome, efficient monograph with 209 illustrations, textcuts and 12 color plates, German-printed. The sculpture is well photographed with no extra-added persuasiveness or over-dramatization. The whole book has that atmosphere of dignity and decency which is Moore's most attractive public aura. But there is something unsatisfactory about his talent: though obviously an honest workman of skill and energy, and despite patriotic attempts to magnify his gifts (which he would be the first to disclaim), the residue of his work seems tentative and much of it feeble. There is a discrepancy between the blank facelessness of figures and the style in which they are rather particularly draped. The drapery does not provide them with the majesty or mystery which seems indicated. The shapes of carving on the Time-Life Building in London, the recent UNESCO figure, lack the lodged focus (and possibly more obvious silhouettes) of Lipchitz or Giacometti. Our dearth of figure sculptors forces him alongside Rodin and Maillol, but the comparison is awkward. It is greedy to ask more of a man of such effort; but his great promise, and the fine war drawings, augured something that is still lacking.

MAURICE PRENDERGAST: 1859-1924. By Hedley Howell Rhys. Harvard. $7.50.
MAURICE PRENDERGAST: Water-Color Sketchbook: 1899. By Peter A. Wick. Harvard. $15.

Both these small square finely prepared books are issued in conjunction with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The first is a catalogue of a retrospective exhibition which will be seen through 1961 in Hartford, New York, Cleveland and San Francisco; the second is a fine (German) facsimile of one of Prendergast's notebooks. He was an American Impressionist whose qualities of delicacy, original observation, prolific energy deserve ranking with more famous names. On beaches north of Boston, he sketched young girls and their mothers with whom Henry James and Henry Adams could well have gone on picnics. He is stronger than Conder, more lively than Arthur B. Davies. His more achieved and complex water colors, which he worked up from his sketchbooks, have a mosaic solidity and busy sparkle that make the flashier and wetter papers of Sargent and Dodge McKnight look vulgar. Prendergast is almost our American Constantin Guys in another dispensation of time and society; a delicate artist.

HIERONYMUS BOSCH: The Paintings. By Carl Linfert. Phaidon. $3.95.
BOSCH. By Robert L. Delevoy. Skira. $5.75.

The first book is advertised as a "complete" edition and has 82 reproductions, 24 in fair color; printed in England. The second has 50 color plates, smaller, as is the whole book, but cleaner. Linfert's essay is formal; Delevoy's invokes the times: Bosch's daily life, his background, the detailed theological and philosophical culture which, understood, make this great painter far less "fantastic" and "grotesque" than he may first seem. Neither book tells as much as *The Millennium of Hieronymus Bosch* (By Wilhelm Fränger. 1952); taken together they provide a good

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introduction. Bosch is a disturbing artist whose combination of dispassionate clarity and sensitized terror in a less than monumental scale tends to make him appear diminutive, domesticated, almost with sting drawn, when compared to more violent masters of horror. He rubs no noses in his hell; he beckons politely; if we follow, there is a lot of hell. If you take only one book: Delevoy.

BERTHE MORISOT. Introduction by Elizabeth Mongan; preface by Denis Rouart. Tudor. $10.

Among the few women artists whose work has entered museums, Berthe Morisot has her small if permanent niche. By no means the eye or energy of Mary Cassatt, nor the flash or mastery of Rosa Bonheur or Artemesia Gentileschi, she was no Colette nor a Jane Austen of the Impressionists. This book offers mostly water colors, pastels and drawings, well printed and well captioned; but the big disappointment is the scarcity of paintings, her most positive work. Sketches here shown are transparently preparatory, wispy, tentative; washed out. The book is bound up from a catalogue of an exhibition organized by a dealer. One suspects, naturally, that the minor works are allowed to dominate because they are available for sale, while good paintings are not. A pretty book.

VALDES LEAL: Spanish Baroque Painter. By Elizabeth Du Gue Trapier. Hispanic Society. $10.

An orderly study with 157 black-and-white plates and 4 in color of an interesting personality of individuality and power. Primarily for scholars, but its careful consideration, studied judgments and inclusive knowledge of Spain and Europe are a welcome relief from flashy journalism in the flood of art books that carry token texts to legitimatize them. The book calls attention to the work and collections of the Hispanic Society, New York. Its museum and library are a valuable repository: sculpture, ceramics and particularly paintings, among which are fine Grecos and Goyas, too little known. Many have been recently recleaned and rehung. The publications are of high caliber.

VELAZQUEZ. By Enrique Lafuente Ferrari. Skira. $5.75.

This sober, interesting study has 50 color plates, small but well produced, with unfamiliar drawings and a number of close-ups of brushwork in which one sees much of the steady brilliance of Velázquez's loose, sure handling. To us, perhaps, the most moving paintings are his early work, the grave, strong noble portraits of young boys and old women, their brass pots, jugs, glasses of water, fruit and eggs. The four fine large portraits of court dwarfs are displayed together, as they hang in the Prado; two asylum cases; two stunted courtiers. With no maudlin sympathy, these are small mirrors darkly reflecting the heartlessness and mad insecurity of the games of princes and great captains with whom this painter held tolerant familiarity. The official portraits, though faces may be stuffy and formalized, are always salvaged by the beauty of handling; sometimes his lack of interest turns into wispiness. For extraordinary anticipation of painting two centuries after his death there are the Corot-like views of the Villa Medici.

DURER: His Life and Work. By Marcel Brion. Tudor. $5.95.

The 149 pictures, of which 59 are in agreeable color (German-printed), are good value at the price. Text is a hasty accommodation of big German sources, with no acknowledgment or bibliography, by a one-man mass movement of contemporary art-publishing. It is oversimplification to call Dürer the "greatest" German artist; maybe in graphics, as engraver, as draftsman — but as painter? Perfect as are his miniature water colors of plants, animals and landscapes, we are frequently embarrassed by larger oil and tempera. Is there one Dürer landscape as magical as Caspar David Friedrich, or figure picture comparable to the best Grünewald, Altdorfer or Cranach? Still, drawings are incomparable, woodcuts and engravings miraculous. Here, everything is much reduced, but serves as a brisk introduction.

REMBRANDT AS A DRAUGHTSMAN. By Otto Benesch. Phaidon. $5.95.

This fine, English-produced book has 115 plates, 4 in color. A man who has devoted his life to studying Rembrandt and his times limits himself here, greatly to our advantage, to a single, basic aspect of a great painter's equipment: the skills in mass and line which support painting and graphic work. Today's painters are uninterested in drawing, except as a calligraphic signature in fixing an idiosyncratic style. Rembrandt could not draw a line that does not seem self-signed, yet the gravity, sophistication and mastery of psychological observation and humane attachment bathes everything. This is a preliminary guide to a vast continent; accurate, orderly and beautiful.

Art History

CHINESE PAINTING. By James Cahill. Skira. $27.50.

This very beautiful book is the best on its subject in English. Its author is associate curator of Chinese Art at our finest oriental museum, the Freer in Washington. He has obtained 100 color plates from the best Japanese, American and European collections; but what is unique, he has drawn richly on the ex-Imperial repository now under guard of the Chinese Nationalists on Formosa. Imagine having the greatest paintings of Prado, Uffizi, Louvre and London in front of you. In equivalent terms, that is what you get in this massive book. Dr. Cahill writes with simplicity, vigor, wide general knowledge and severe critical perception, not alone of art. The surprise, personal distinction, variety and magic of Chinese art doubles our joy in world painting. The treasures from Formosa will soon start an American tour at our National Gallery (courtesy of the U.S. Navy). This book is the best possible preparation for the historic event.

HANIWA: The Clay Sculpture of Proto-Historic Japan. By Fumio Miki. Tuttle. $8.75.

Baked earthen figures of early Japanese burial mounds have conquered world taste in the last decade, an oriental invasion comparable to the late vogue for Cycladic, Etruscan and Sardinian sculpture. This is due to their monumental simplicity, toylike intensity and a predigested resemblance to familiar Western primitive plastic ideas. This English translation of the best recent Japanese study is well printed in gravure, with good color. 80 fine plates by Yoshio Takahashi; the Japanese text put well into English by Roy Andrew Miller. There is a good technical introduction; it is sad there are no large pictures of the boats and gabled houses in Tokyo's National Museum. A large number of fake Haniwa figures have found their way to the United States; they are turning up on Madison Avenue, by no means cheap. You can tell them quickly, by their heaviness, solid hardness and density, dull brownish overtone. Real ones are light, feel porous, and have a dry, blushing, light pinky-red bloom.

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THE ART AND TECHNIQUE OF SUMI-E. (Japanese ink-painting) as taught by Ukai Uchiyama. By Kay Morrissey Thompson. Tuttle $8.75.

A large, squarish (Japanese) book, well printed and designed, detailing methods of wet-brush painting in the Sino-Japanese tradition, by a series of progressive photographs and studies, in black and white and color on a generous format. You can make bamboo, crysanthemums, flowers, leaves, birds, rain on hills, according to good models. A logical manual of practical instruction for Western amateurs that is also an amusing introduction into the appreciation and practice of Chinese and Japanese calligraphic art. Following its exercises, as one follows Czerny, strengthens the muscles of hand and sight and will reward viewers of the masterpieces in the Cahill history.

MASTERPIECES OF GREEK ART. By Raymond V. Schoder, S. J. New York Graphic Society. $12.50.

A cheerful anthology; bright insistent backgrounds impinging on the silhouettes of the objects; some vignetting, which rarely helps. The good Father's tone is eupeptic and avuncular; kodachromes from which his plates have been made, a bit lightstruck and fruity. The choice of the objects themselves is normal; famous figures and vases are all here. Architecture is slighted; the principal impression of Paestum is a eucalyptus in glorious technicolor. Considerable Italian gold, gems and wall painting under tutelage of Greek master-craftsmen and some Roman painting. The indiscriminate mass of plates will give undoubted pleasure, but the book as a whole production (Italian), in text, treatment, editing and presentation, is fubbed.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM: The Glory and the Grief. Text by Marcel Brion. Photographs by Edwin Smith. Crown. $10.

Extremely well illustrated, printed in Italy; good color and splendid photographs which oddly make Pompeii appear far grander and more heroic than the domestic scale one actually sees there. Aside from that, a fascinating book; Roman painting, so developed and sophisticated at this time, in another four hundred years will have shrunk to small-scale survival in manuscripts. The conventions of Western plastic rendering will have to wait almost a thousand years to reach approximately the same point. Here we have both Poussin and Picasso, *avant la lettre*. Brion's text is capable journalism, with fine photos as running commentary. A very good book.

INDIAN MINIATURES. By W. G. Archer. N.Y. Graphic Society. $25.

A large, very beautiful book; 100 big plates, half in color, of miniatures from the twelfth to the eighteenth century. Color is sparkling, well registered; it glows. The introduction relates the intention of Indian artists to society, politics and religion; running captions attend to artistic qualities. It is impossible to single out among all these glories even immediate favorites, but perfection in painting takes on new dimensions from an examination of these small masterpieces. A great number of purely secular interest, and one to set beside Pisanello's *Miracle of Saint Eustace* in London. This book offers a wonderful way to learn about India up to the British investment, and to prepare for the great show of Indian painting now at Asia House, New York.

ISRAEL: Ancient Mosaics. Preface by Meyer Schapiro. Introduction by Michael Avi-Yonah. New York Graphic Society. $18.

The fifteenth in the large format editions in several languages which are one of the most distinguished contributions of UNESCO. A first look at the carefully reproduced plates, showing all the unevenness and definition of small bits of stone emerging from a surface, is almost disappointing. The scale of the details is very large; the fragments out of context tend to resemble contemporary archaistic imitations of past styles, or falsely naive work inspired by them. But Professor Schapiro, with his famous seductive omniscience, persuades one that these are not merely provincial wonders: that they have their own monumental intention and achievement; that their very naïveté is an advantage; that they are in fact, masterpieces.

AMERICAN ART MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES: An Introduction to Looking. By Eloise Spaeth. Harper. $5.95.

Mrs. Spaeth jauntily tackles eighty-four museums, with no system save gossipy enthusiasm. The Fogg Museum at Harvard, with its incomparable large collection of Chinese objects, French painting and old-master drawings rates six lines; Yale, with its excellent gen-

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eral collection, is not listed. Indianapolis gets three pages and Cincinnati five and a half. "In 1952 James Johnson Sweeney replaced Baroness Rebay [in the Guggenheim Museum], and the greatest house cleaning and face lifting in museum annals began." "It is hard to say whether the Modern [Museum of Art] takes over Picasso or Picasso takes over the Modern." No it isn't; he doesn't and never did. We need a good cumulative guide to American museums. S. Lane Faison with his New England survey filled that part of the bill, but this is a very silly book.

MODERN PAINTING: Contemporary Trends. By Nello Ponente. Skira. $27.50.

This is an exceptionally well-produced (Swiss) book with 100 fine color plates laid in, of the first brilliance and accuracy. It shows work by the principal international non-figurative painters over the last twenty years. While the originals are often gigantic, and are indeed painted with an eye to elevator space and hanging areas of their dealers' premises, not a one suffers by reduction; all are improved. Flipping through this massive and sympathetic volume rapidly, one might imagine it a pedagogical manual in rendering accidental and intentional patterns on plane surfaces, as if by some more academic Paul Klee. How to tickle canvas; how to give it a rash; how to make big wet splashes or thin dry ones; how to make magisterial, pathetic, playful, exquisite or powerful smears. How to take nothing (but paint from the tube) and make a salable object. Except for Dubuffet, who teases one aspect of Klee from the miniature into the monumental (if less heroic), the residual tone is gay—as if a tribe of blithesome primates were set free for ten minutes with a ton of material in a progressive-school-type play-pen. The dominant art today is a frantic hunt for a marketable style sufficiently individual to be recognizable within formulated rules for spontaneity, exuberance, immediate shock and contempt for niceties of objective consideration.

LOOKING AT PICTURES. By Kenneth Clark. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $10.

In their first form, all but one of these essays appeared in the London *Sunday Times;* here they are extended with 75 good illustrations in black and white plus 6 in color. The book is dedicated to Roger Fry, who taught his generation to see, which is what Sir Kenneth continues to do. His fine book on *The Nude* (and the naked) has already shown him to American readers as a subtle and ceaseless viewer of art and a provocative teaching philosopher of art, by no means an academic aesthetician. Indeed, there have been complaints that he is an "amateur," whatever that intends when describing a man who has spent his life training his eyes and ours. He writes so cunningly, it is this perhaps that arouses the envy. Here one investigates 16 famous pictures, some of them clouded by fame. He freshens their surface, penetrates it, gives us a new picture, or at least one we have not seen before in such stereoscopic plastic and historic presence. An eye-opener for the hasty, the slow and the curious.

TO PAINT IS TO LOVE AGAIN. By Henry Miller. Horizon. $4 cloth; $2.50 paper.

Maybe Henry Miller is a Great Writer. You tell me. The *Times Literary Supplement* recently decided he was the Great Amateur Writer. The status of those who mix craft and therapy is awkward. One suspects they prefer to be working prophets with happy congregations than poets or painters with a critical public. From the color plates in this neat little brochure, Miller paints like a carefree child who loves Paul Klee; Paul Klee loved children's art. Miller says: "Think how many millions enjoyed *September Morn* or *Whistler's Mother*"; does he think they are both the same sort of picture, or is one better or worse than the other? He paints and writes about art as an auto-didact: messianic revelations coinciding with other people's ordinary education. He lists twenty exhibitions of his work from college museums to dealers. He seems to like to sell them; they are no uglier than the pictures of many artists who get higher prices; but, finally, are pretentious. So is he; his pictures have the prestige associated with his prose; they are association pieces and not very impressive.

Books by *Nation* Contributors

Listed below are books published, or contributed to, in 1960 by writers who also appeared in *The Nation* in that year. The length and scope of this compilation, which we draw up annually as a service to contributors and readers, reflects the energy and authority that go into the material published week by week in the magazine.

Books published in England are listed here for the record. However, they are available on special order from most dealers.

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. *The House of Five Talents.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH, editor. *Social Life in Early England.* Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

Survey of International Affairs 1955-1956 (with Rachel F. Wall). Oxford. 50s.

CARLETON BEALS. *Brass-Knuckle Crusade.* Hastings. $5.95.

HAROLD J. BERMAN. *The Trial of the U-2.* (Introduction.) Translation World Publishers. $3.75. $1.95 paper.

VANCE BOURJAILY. *Confessions of a Spent Youth.* Dial. $4.95.

ROBERT MCAFEE BROWN (with Gustave Weigel, S. J.). *An American Dialogue.* Doubleday. $2.95.

Contributor, *Facing Protestant-Roman Catholic Tensions.* W. H. Cowan, editor. Association Press. $2.50. 50c paper.

Translator, *God's Unfolding Purpose.* By S. de Dietrich. Westminster. $4.50.

DICK BRUNER, contributor. *Profile of American Politics.* E. W. Lefever and W. V. Hohenstein, editors. Houghton Mifflin. $3.25 paper.

Contributor, *American Government: The Clash of Issues.* James Burkhart, editor. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

JAMES L. BUSEY. *Contemporary Latin American Politics: Annual Report 1960.* Pruett Press (Boulder, Colo.). 50c paper.

GWENDOLEN M. CARTER. *Independence for Africa.* Praeger. $4.50. $1.65 paper.

STANLEY COOPERMAN, contributor. *Literary Symbolism.* Maurice Beebe, editor. Wadsworth Publishers. $1.95.

DONALD COX. *Stations in Space.* Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $2.95.

LOUIS O. COXE. *The Middle Passage.* Chicago. $3.75.

ROBERT CREELEY, contributor. *The New American Poetry 1945-1960.* Donald M. Allen, editor. Grove. $5.95. $1.95 paper.

Contributor, *Short Story III.* B. Raffell, editor. Scribner's. $4.50. $2.45 paper.

DONALD R. CRESSEY (with Richard A. Cloward and others). *Theoretical Studies in Social Organization of the Prison.* Social Science Research Council. $1.50 paper.

ALFRED CROFTS, contributor. *The Unfor-*

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gettable Americans. John Garraty, editor. Channel Press. $6.

JAMES MCBRIDE DABBS. *The Road Home*. Christian Education Press. $3.50.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD. *Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York (1746-1813)*. Harcourt. $10.
Contributor, *The Unforgettable Americans*. John Garraty, editor. Channel Press. $6.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG. *The Happy Birthday Umbrella* (juvenile). Little, Brown. $2.75.

ROBERT DUNCAN. *Faust Foutu: An Entertainment in Four Parts*. Enkidu Surrogate. Distributed by City Light Books. $1 paper.
The Opening of the Field. Grove. $1.45 paper.

RICHARD EBERHART. *Collected Poems: 1930-1960*. Oxford. $6.

JOEL FEINBERG, contributor. *Nomos III: Responsibility*. Carl J. Friedrich, editor. Liberal Arts Press. $6.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, contributor. *Studies in American Culture*. Mary C. Turpie and Joseph Kwiat, editors. Minnesota. $4.75.

WALKER GIBSON (with John M. Kierzek). *The Macmillan Handbook of English*. Macmillan. $3.25.

PAUL GOODMAN. *Growing Up Absurd*. Random. $4.50.
Our Visit to Niagara. Horizon. $3.95.

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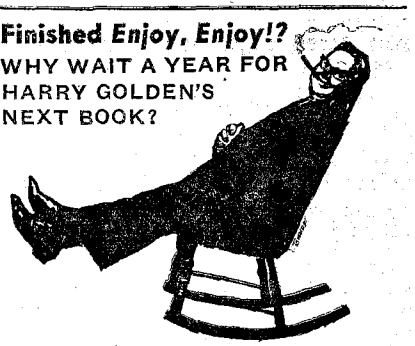

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Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Jefferson

Jefferson by Albert Jay Nock (Hill and Wang, $1.45) is not a life but a biographical essay concerned less with the politician than the private man of great good taste and the widest, most humane interests. Politically, Mr. Nock's Jefferson is much the same as Charles A. Beard's: that is, a libertarian democrat to whom the Constitution itself seemed a sort of *coup d'état* by privilege. But Nock hurries over this, the Declaration of Independence and Jefferson's Presidency. It is to plain Mr. Jefferson that he devotes himself.

Nock conveys a respectful affection for Jefferson and a feeling of intimacy with him. He assumes his subject's point of view, penetrates his character in private scenes and creates the sense of an active man without recounting his most celebrated actions. His is a book, therefore, for those who know the main story.

With most evident regard, it gives Jefferson breath and a voice as he cultivates the fiddle, studies languages, travels through France in the interest of farmers in New England, Virginia, the Carolinas. Here, as in politics, he is deeply involved and endlessly curious, and he is always restrained by a social and moral taste as rigorous in its way as John Adams' colder moral reason. Nock's book as well as his man is captivating and durable.

The American Scene

The Last Days of Lincoln by Mark Van Doren (Hill and Wang, $1.75). Moving poetic drama on Lincoln and the pattern of Reconstruction.

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The Fremantle Diary, Walter Lord, editor (Capricorn, $1.35). A friendly tourist, Lieutenant Colonel in the Coldstream Guards, explores the Confederacy from Texas to Tennessee and Gettysburg, April to July, 1863, with Boswell's gift for observation and celebrity hunting.

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The Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man by James Weldon Johnson (Hill and Wang, $1.45). Talk-filled novel of the oppressions and shame that drove a Georgia-born Negro to pass.

Jack London: Short Stories, edited with introduction by Maxwell Geismar (Hill and Wang, $1.75). Eighteen stories with unusual emphasis on the later years. Also *The Call of the Wild and Selected Stories* (Signet, 50c), with only two duplications and *The Sea Wolf* (Bantam, 50c).

Also: *The Shorter Novels of Herman Melville; Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* by Stephen Crane and *Their Wedding Journey* by William Dean Howells (Premier, 50c ea.).

The Renaissance

The Complete Essays of Montaigne, Donald M. Frame, translator (Anchor, 3 vols., $1.45 ea.). A happy new translation, faithful in feeling and in most details and full of vitality.

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A Reference Shelf

Good Reading, eighteenth edition, J. Sherwood Weber, editor (Mentor, 75c). About two thousand entries with brief descriptions, in thirty-three classified lists.

A Dictionary of American-English Usage by Margaret Nicholson (Signet, 75c). Adaptation of Fowler's *Modern English Usage*; lively and learned.

Soule's Dictionary of English Synonyms (Bantam, 95c). Wide-ranging and usable; no differentiations within lists.

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Christmas Review
(Selections from earlier columns)

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BARTOK: *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celeste*; *Hungarian Sketches*: Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2374 (LP); LSC-2374 (SD).

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata* for Piano, No. 8, Op. 13; *Bagatelles* for Piano: Op. 33: Nos. 3 and 5; Op. 119: Nos. 2, 7 and 9; Op. 126: Nos. 1, 4 and 6. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Artia ALP-162 (LP). *String Quartets*, Op. 18, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6: Budapest String Quartet. Columbia M3L-262 (3 LP); M3S-606 (3 SD). *Sonata* for Piano No. 2, Op. 2 (with Bach: *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue* in D minor; *Toccata and Fugue* in D minor—arr. Tausig): Gina Bachauer, piano. Capitol G-7177 (LP); SG-7177 (SD). *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* No. 2, Op. 19; *Sonata for Piano* No. 14 ("Moonlight"): Wilhelm Backhaus, piano; Vienna Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra; Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, conductor. London CS-6188 (SD).

BERLIOZ: *Symphonie Fantastique*: Detroit Symphony Orchestra; Paul Paray, conductor. Mercury MG-50254 (LP); SR-90254 (SD). *Grande Messe des Morts*, Op. 5 ("Requiem"): Leopold Simoneau, tenor; New England Conservatory Chorus; Boston Symphony Orchestra; Charles Munch, conductor. RCA Victor LD-6077 (2 LP); LDS-6077 (2 SD).

BLACKWOOD, EASLY: *Symphony No. 1* (with Alexei Haieff: *Symphony No. 2*): Boston Symphony Orchestra; Charles Munch, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2352 (LP); LSC-2352 (SD).

BRAHMS: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2*: Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2466 (LP). *Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Orchestra*, Op. 102; *Tragic Overture*, Op. 81: Zino Francescatti, violin; Pierre Fournier, cello; Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Bruno Walter, conductor. Columbia ML-5493 (LP); MS-6158 (SD). *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra*: Isaac Stern, violin; Philadelphia Orchestra; Eugene Ormandy, conductor. Columbia ML-5486 (LP); MS-6153 (SD).

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GIDEON, MIRIAM: *Symphonia Brevis* (with Charles Mills: *Prelude and Dithyramb*; Paul Schwartz: *Concerto for Chamber Orchestra;* Paul Pisk: *Passacaglia*): Radio Orchestra of Zurich; Jacques Monod, conductor. Composers Recordings, Inc. CRI-128 (LP).

HANDEL: *L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso*: Adele Addison, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Chorus and Orchestra; Frederick Waldman, conductor. Decca DXA-165 (2 LP); DXSA-7165 (2 SD). *Concertos for Organ and Orchestra* Nos. 13-16: E. Power Biggs, organ; London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, conductor. Columbia M2L-267 (2 LP); M2S-611 (2 SD).

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MUSSORGSKY: *Pictures from an Exhibition*: Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Columbia ML-5600. *Pictures from an Exhibition* (with Prokofieff: *Sonata No. 7*, Op. 83): Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Artia ALP-154 (LP).

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RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *Scheherazade*: Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2446 (LP); LSC-2446 (SD).

SCHUMANN: *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*: Van Cliburn, piano; Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Fritz Reiner, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2455 (LP); LSC-2455 (SD).

SHOSTAKOVICH: *Symphony No. 5*, Op. 47: New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, conductor. Columbia ML-5445 (LP); MS-6115 (SD).

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STRAUSS: *Ein Heldenleben*: Berlin Philharmonic; Herbert Von Karajan, conductor. Decca DGG-12022 (LP); DGS-712022 (SD).

TCHAIKOWSKY: *Symphony No. 4*: Boston Symphony Orchestra; Pierre Monteaux, conductor. RCA Victor LM-2369 (LP); LSC-2369 (SD).

VARESE: *The Music of Edgar Varèse*: Wind and Percussion Ensemble; Robert Craft, conductor. Columbia ML-5478 (LP); MS-6146 (SD).

VERDI: *Aïda*: Tebaldi, Ratti, Simionato, Bergonzi, de Palma, MacNeil, van Mill, Corena; Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde; Vienna Philharmonic; Herbert Von Karajan, conductor. London A-4345 (3 LP); OSA-1313 (3 SD).

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE lady who accompanied me whispered, "The atmosphere in the audience tonight is like the pall of death—the death of the Broadway theatre." It may not have been as bad as that, but there could be no question that there was weariness in the air. I wondered why this should be so: the play *All The Way Home* had been favorably reviewed by *The New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *New York Post*. It was a dramatization of a generally praised novel, James Agee's *A Death in the Family*, directed by Arthur Penn whose three previous productions had all been successful, with a cast which included Lillian Gish, Aline MacMahon and other players of repute.

As I write this, the play is announced to close after five performances.* The second-night audience could not have known that the play was soon to close, yet the baleful mood I have mentioned was apparent from the beginning. Had word of the poor out-of-town notices reached the audience or discouraging word of mouth from the preview public? Or—more likely—was it the report that the play was said to deal with death which rendered the audience solemn to the point of inertia? (There are in fact *no* plays about death!)

From the announcement of the play's closing we learned that the production cost $23,000 a week to run and the advance sale was only $3,500. These are ominous facts. They suggest what we have long suspected: that the Broadway theatre today has no really dependable audience. At present prices a show has to boast a "big" name, a considerable advance through theatre parties and (except perhaps in the case of musicals) four or five "rave" notices in order to assure the immediate patronage which alone will permit it to survive from three to ten weeks.

It matters little in the circumstance that I myself was not much pleased with the production of *All The Way Home*. It reflects a sensitive American's musings on the cycle of life, couched in the simplest folk terms, and represents an honorable effort which in London and Paris would run, I'm sure, no less than a hundred performances.

I want to make one further point about the production: the set — by an able designer—hurt the play. This is rare. Most settings in our produc-

*The run has been extended to Dec. 17.

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tions are serviceable and good-looking—though usually overbuilt and far too expensive — but seldom of any artistic, that is, true theatrical, interest.

The setting for *All the Way Home* was a "simplified" affair—though by no means inexpensive—a stylization of the interior and exterior of a humble country house. It didn't look simple at all; it created no atmosphere. It was a stylization, not from the real elements which might characterize the locale of the play and thus contribute to its mood, but one that (possibly influenced by the Japanese) gave a feeling of industrial design, modern in the most mechanical sense. It hindered the evocation of a home or intimacy which the actors badly needed to establish themselves as parts of a community, an environment, a mode of life.

IN *Little Moon of Alban* by James Costigan (Longacre) there are, besides the always admirable qualities of its star, Julie Harris, some excellent performances in minor roles: notably that contributed by Eric Christmas, one of the most convincing sketches of a medical man I have ever seen; Nora O'Mahony, winning without staginess; Robert Redford, refreshingly direct; Stefan Gierasch, tangy in characterization; Liam Clancy, almost lyrically ordinary. The writing of the play often has a light and candid melodiousness sprigged with humor.

Such a play might have achieved a mild success in 1915. Today its pattern seems trite. An Irish Sister of Charity during the time of the "troubles" (1919-22) renounces the offer of marriage from a British officer whom she has nursed back to health despite the fact that he was the man responsible for the death of her betrothed. The play is a "fable" of the healing powers of faith: an example of Christian love—in which the heroine not only forgives the "enemy" but cares for him. In doing so she converts him from aggressive atheism to Catholicism. But though she has come to love the man, she heeds the higher calling of her work as a Sister of Charity.

Apart from the more or less stereotyped characters and the readily anticipated situations, it must be said that the reasons for the officer's denial of God are banal and noisily explicit, and that a faith in God dependent on the good fortune of recovery from critical illness and the love of a pure girl strikes me — and perhaps the audience in general—as simple-minded to the point of vulgarity.

PUBLICATIONS

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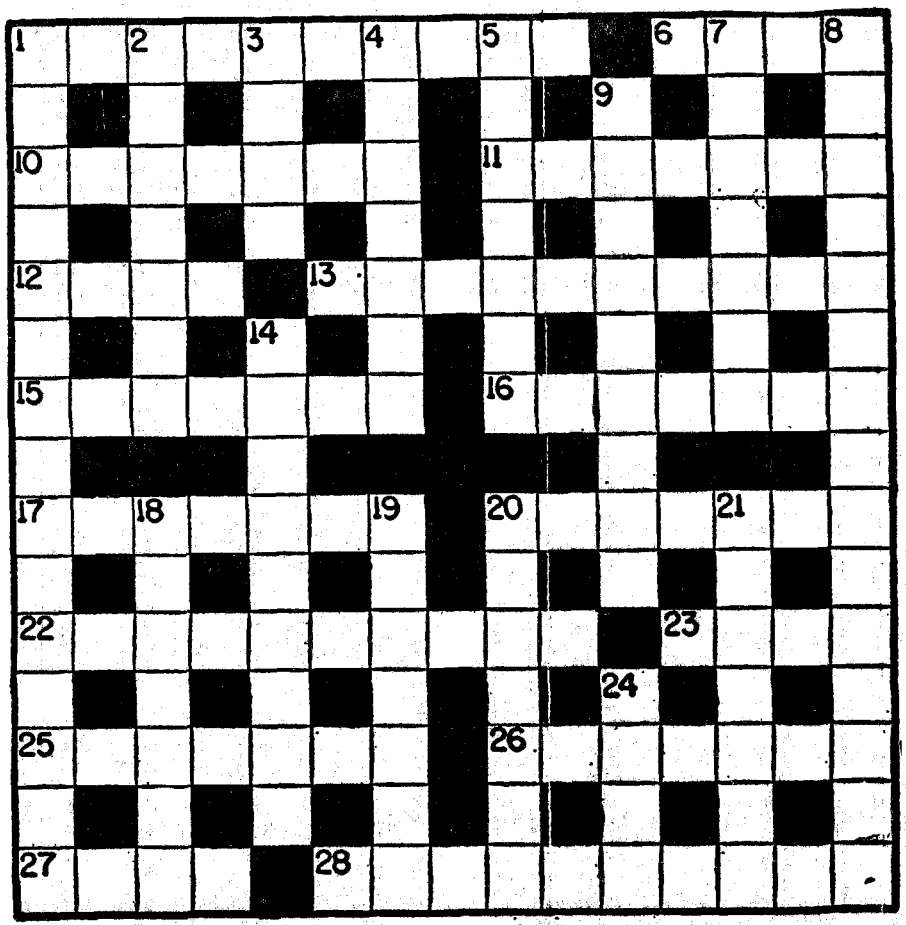

ACROSS:

1 Not exactly curare, but a version might be official. (10)
10 Those who draw close do, and get thin. (7)
11 Parking lot tallies show the first sound of happiness. (7)
12 Yale's where the Olympic games were held. (4)
13 Proving a ringer takes trouble with a backward girl in getting the drug. (10)
15 Such pointers are not quite unneccessary. (7)
16 Authority would need nothing more to become a raider. (7)
17 Do you stay on course too long if you do? (7)
20 Reach the equivalent as a 16? (5, 2)
22, 2 down, and 6 across The leader of this group might have been great, but not so-called. (10, 7, 4)
23 and 3 down The place where your friend ends up with nothing, but could make a lot afterwards. (4, 4)
25 Folds over a sort of match, perhaps. (7)
26 Could even her husband find her a strain? (7)
27 Polyphemus was one. (4)
28 The spirit takes nothing alone, but does it in grandiose style. (10)

DOWN:

1 Confidentially, a light holder is often mentioned in terms of a third party. (7, 3, 3, 2)
2 See 22 across
3 See 23 across
4 Rides like the Pilgrims did? (7)
5 It's strange licorice contains a good portion. (7)
7 One should feel for the insect! (7)
8 Buck your skill in dealing against it, and you'll find they criticize us for it. (6, 9)
9 Pepper, for example, should be chopped and not minced. (9)
14 No citizen comes to a fit conclusion with the possibility of being transferred. (9)
18 Do, or do away with. (7)
19 Certainly not careless addition to a reasonable bankroll. (4, 3)
20 He was told there are more things in heaven and earth. (7)
21 Is a naval group making things rather hot for us? (7)
24 Airs sometimes put on by an Easterner. (4)

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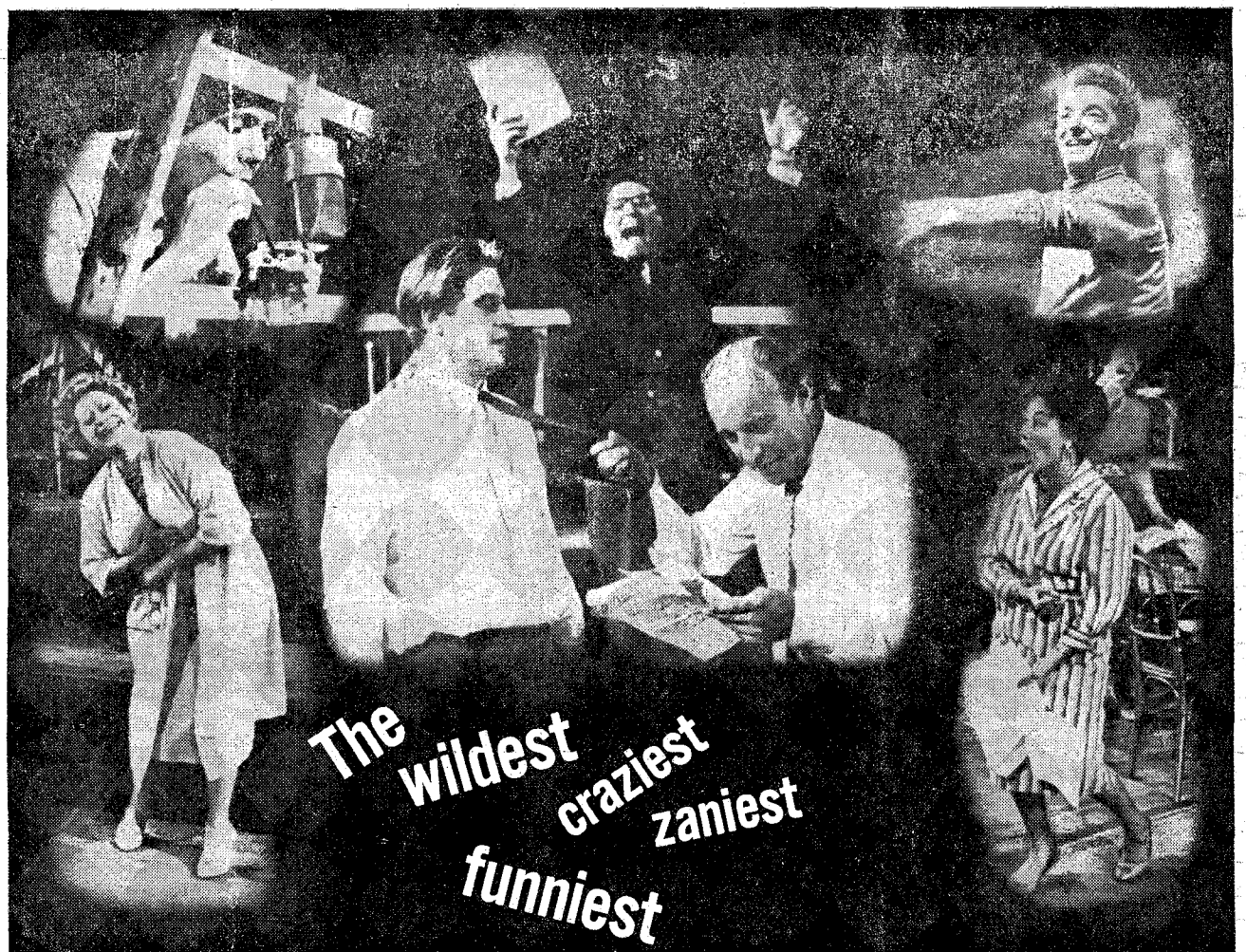

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